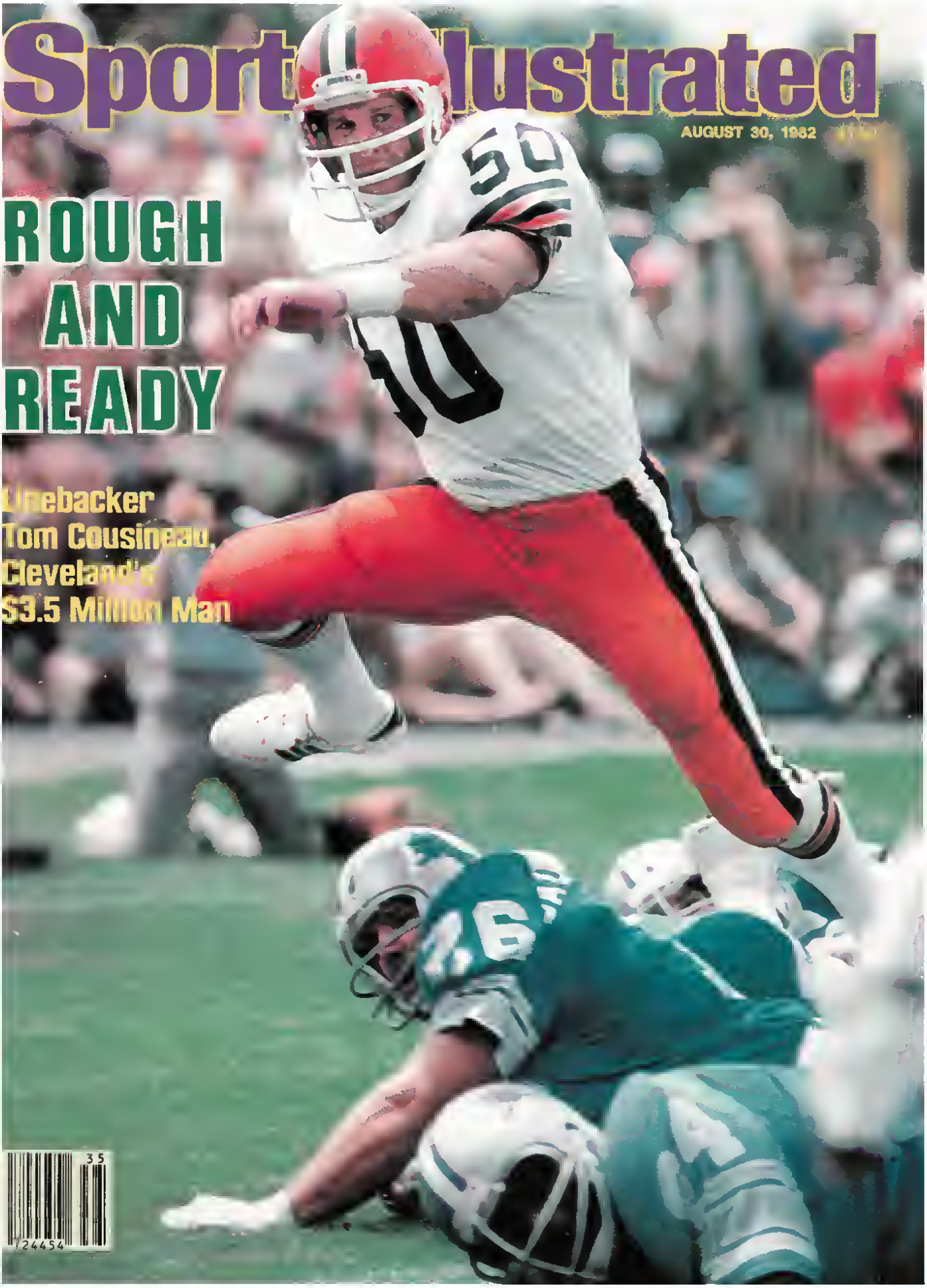

Sports Illustrated
AUGUST 30, 1982
ROUGH AND READY
Linebacker Tom Cousineau, Cleveland's $3.5 Million Man
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Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 30, 1982 /Volume 57, No. 9 **Cover photograph by Tony Tomsic**

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



NEFF (BOTTOM) UNSLATED STOP IN EDMONTON

Early this month an Ecuadorian newspaper noted that a "Special Envoy" of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Craig Neff, was covering the IV World Aquatic Championships in Guayaquil. Neff probably should appear on our masthead as Ambassador at Large instead of Staff Writer; during the past three months he has traveled to seven countries to cover competition in seven different sports. His latest posting: London, where he covered Sebastian Coe (*page 16*).

On June 1 Neff left New York for St. Louis and never stopped passing Go. He went to Kansas City, then Lawrence, Kans., back to K.C., on to Memphis, then Atlanta and Athens, Ga., back to Atlanta, to Dallas, Salt Lake City, Provo, Salt Lake City, Chicago, Pittsburgh, State College, Pa., then Pittsburgh, New York (Washington, New York for a wedding), Cincinnati, Knoxville, Atlanta, back to New York. Most of the above was for college football scouting reports. Then he really took off, heading for London (track), Oslo, London, New York, London, New York, Los Angeles, New York, Los Angeles, Quito and Guayaquil (aquatics); Miami, New York, Toronto, Edmonton (wrestling); Toronto, New York, Zurich, London (track). Now he's in Cologne (track) with miles to go (Koblenz, Brussels and London) before he sleeps.

Neff estimates that all told he has flown 86,000 miles in 1982, spending 175 hours—more than a full week—aloft. Yet as he heads into his last weekend of travel before a vacation at home, he feels rejuvenated. "Now," he says, "it's like going into the World Series, or final exams."

Among other things, Neff saw the Rockies, Andes and Swiss Alps in a span of three weeks. He detested the cuisine of Norway (pickled fish) but loved the Chinese food there. He was forcibly removed from the scene of a police clash with demonstrators in Guayaquil. He left London two days before the terrorist bombings, and Ecuador two days before an expected *coup*. *In South America, he and* other visiting Americans were treated like rock stars and mobbed by young autograph seekers; a woman was raped by a soldier beneath Neff's hotel window; and a Spanish-speaking cabbie couldn't figure out if our envoy and two other Americans were seeking entertainment or posing a philosophical question when they asked to be taken to Infinity, a disco.

Nothing seemed to faze our globetrotter, until he stopped back in New York for an SI softball game. The usually sure-fielding shortstop, weakened by typhoid, tetanus and hepatitis shots, made two errors.

"Looking back, it seems like the travel's been fun," Neff says, before recalling all the lost luggage and the suitcase that fell apart in Edmonton. "But people think all the travel's terrific, they don't realize you're working out there."

Those people aren't the only ones to have misunderstood Special Envoy Neff. On one flight, as Neff removed the earphones of his tapeplayer, his seatmate said, "You shouldn't shut yourself off from the world."

Philip D. Howlett

COMING SOON...

Sports Illustrated's *Biggest Issue Ever!*

On Sept. 1st, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will publish its *FIRST COLLEGE AND PRO FOOTBALL SPECTACULAR*, the biggest issue SI has ever published—a record number of pages!

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But whatever you do, don't miss this SPORTS ILLUSTRATED FOOTBALL EVENT!







Footloose

by ALEXANDER WOLFF

CHESS REACHES NEW HEIGHTS WITH A FOUR-STORY BOARD IN NEW YORK CITY

Melvyn and Robert Kaufman are high-rolling brothers in the high-rise world of Manhattan real estate. They abide by one rule: Whenever possible, buy or build property with a lucky seven in its address. Thus, their buildings now include 77 Water St., 127 John St. and 777 Third Ave. Melvyn, who's 58, and Robert, 55, have prospered since casting their lots with their mother's favorite number. They recently erected a 40-story skyscraper at 767 Third Ave., on the corner of East 48th St. Like a brick-and-glass grandmaster, 767 Third commands what may be the largest chessboard in the world.

Before the tower went up last year, the Kaufmans faced an aesthetic problem. What to do about an adjacent nine-story apartment house whose cement side would stare baldly down at the terrace around the base of 767 Third. The brothers decided to affix a four-story-high grid of metal beams to the house's offending face, and create a vertical chessboard on which they could re-create great chess matches of the past. Blue and beige playing pieces 2½ feet in diameter fit neatly into each square, and every week play advances another step through a historic game, *e.g.* Frank J. Marshall vs. Amos Burn in Paris in the late spring of 1900. A flag, flying to the board's left, heralds which color moves next, or whether a match has reached checkmate.

Every Wednesday at noon a hydraulic cherry picker hoists a building employee so he can move the appropriate piece, while a permanent plaque below the board refers pedestrians to the lobby of the building where the concierge can supply a bulletin with playing tips and information on the match in progress. Those so inspired can take up a game of their own, alfresco, at one of the four wooden tables subjacent to the big board.

Why chess? Better to ask why *not*. The Kaufmans have garnished the top of one of their properties with a full-scale model Sopwith Camel fixed on an AstroTurf landing strip, and the bare side of another with what's touted as the world's largest digital clock. END

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Even though it's so simple to use, you can add lenses and accessories–even a power winder–to shoot the kind of pictures you've always wanted to take! The bright, clear viewfinder shows exactly what you'll get on film while the Quick-Focus System assures that every picture you take will be razor sharp

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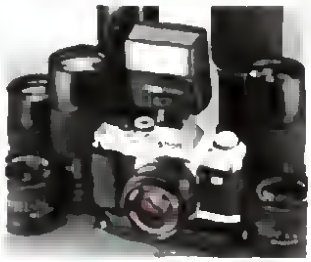
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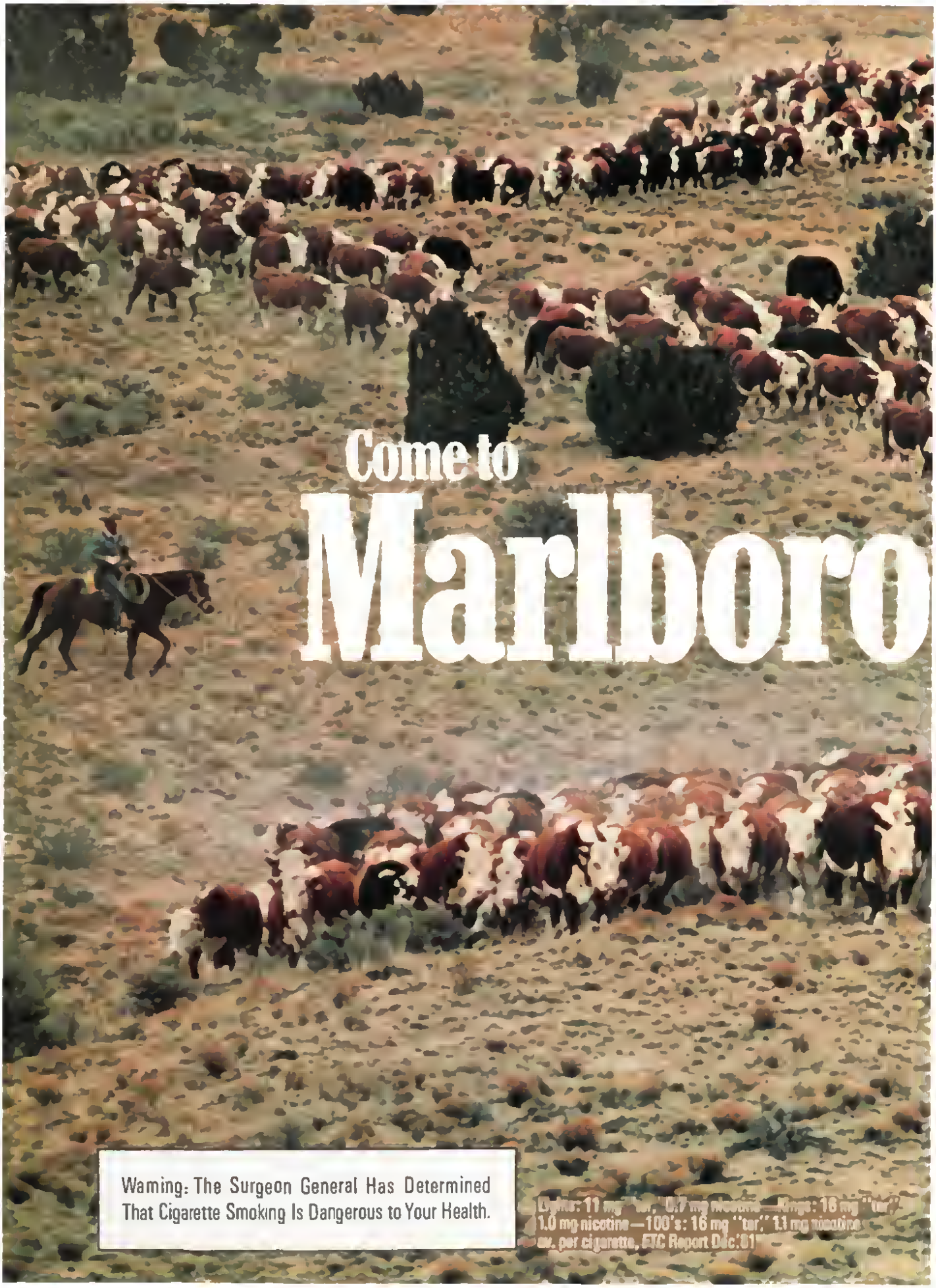


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SCORECARD

EDITED BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

HOW NOT TO RUN A NATIONAL PASTIME

Over the years major league baseball has suffered from an all-too-obvious leadership crisis. Part of the problem is Bowie Kuhn, who will probably be best remembered as the commissioner who forced the World Series into evening hours in the northern latitudes in October, a time slot perfect for TV and frostbite and bad only for baseball. Just to make sure he'd be remembered, of course, Kuhn then convincingly played the buffoon by refusing to wear an overcoat at games played under arctic conditions.

In fairness to Kuhn, however, baseball's leadership problem is compounded by a bizarre hierarchical structure in which a number of decisions are handled not by himself but by the league presidents, while those pertaining to labor-management relations are the responsibility of yet another authority figure, Ray Grebey. No wonder one league has designated hitters and the other doesn't. No wonder one has 14 teams and a high strike zone, the other 12 teams and a low one. No wonder the game has suffered a plague of beanball incidents that threaten to reduce it to the level of the National Hockey League. No wonder last year's pointless strike was followed by adoption of the ill-conceived split season. No wonder the owners, Kuhn and Grebey go around blaming everybody but themselves for what they decry as preposterously high player salaries.

The leadership vacuum was underscored last week when the owners met in San Diego to decide 1) whether or not to fire Kuhn and 2) whether or not to undertake a badly needed streamlining of the game's chain of command only to 3) do nothing one way or another on either of the previous questions. We won't bore you with all the breathless maneuverings that led to these typically inconclusive results, except to note that insofar as the resolution of Kuhn's future is concerned, the meeting was like a rain-marred game in which the side that's behind stalls until the contest is called before becoming official. Under procedures that typify the game's Byzantine way of doing business, either league can unilaterally oust Kuhn—and as few as four National League or five American League votes are needed. At least five National League owners were reportedly prepared to vote to do just that last week when pro-Kuhn owners, needing just a simple majority to postpone a decision, succeeded in doing that.

As for why the owners didn't salvage something from the meeting by at least voting to restructure, one of them pleaded, "How can you make decisions about restructuring when you don't know who the commissioner is?" But then, how can anybody vote on who the commissioner should be without knowing what role he's going to perform? One proposal called for creation of a new chief executive for business matters, leaving ceremonial duties to the commissioner, but the question of which of the two officials would be at the top of the organizational chart remained in dispute. Just before the owners dispersed, having somehow agreed, mercifully, to adjourn—the vote on that one was 10–4 in the American League and 11–1 in the National—it was left to the White Sox's Eddie Einhorn to sum up the situation. Lamented Einhorn, "We can't even come to a decision on how to make a decision."

EARL'S THEME

Joe Tex, who died on Aug. 13 at the age of 47 at his home in Navasota, Texas, was a soul singer who recorded a number of hits with evocative titles, such as *Ain't Gonna Bump No More (With No Big Fat Woman)*. Some Houston Oiler fans may also remember Tex as the vocalist who recorded *Here Come Number 34 (Do the Earl Campbell)*. That one, recorded on the Handshake label, included such lines as, "Drag 'em, Earl, drag 'em baby!" and "Give the man some Gatorade, some Gatorade!"

BRING ON ST. JOHN'S!

Not since the glory days of the Seven Blocks of Granite has a football team at Fordham caused such jubilation. The unaccustomed excitement over the Rams occurred Saturday during an Elephant Weekend celebration at the Bronx Zoo, where as part of similar festivities a year ago a 5,400-pound, 11-year-old female performing elephant named Grumpy outmuscled 20 Fordham players in a tug-of-war. For last week's rematch, Grumpy was 200 pounds heavier, a normal weight gain for a maturing pachyderm. What's more, her trainer, Larry Joyner, confided that she'd prepared for the contest by increasing her headstand reps to strengthen her shoulders. This, along with a lot of walking and daily massages and baths, and she was ready.

When Grumpy lumbered onto the field the psychological advantage was immediately hers. Fordham co-captain Art Troilo whispered, "That is one big elephant." But the Rams, clad in their maroon and gold jerseys, had been in the thick of preseason training, and they were also ready. Their starting lineup for the tug-of-war consisted of 15 men with a total weight of 3,000 pounds. Faster than you could say Frankie Frisch, Grumpy, her end of the rope attached to a harness on her back, was dragging a grunting mass of Rams across the line. A cheer went up from the crowd and sea lions barked from a neighboring pool. The elephant obviously had the home-zoo advantage. But for some unexplained reason, a false start was called. The contestants had to begin anew.



Fordham took advantage of the delay to flesh out its ranks with several more players—and an additional ton or so of heft. This time there was a fair start, and a burst of Ram power stopped Grumpy's initial surge. After a brief stand-off, the elephant gave ground. As the Rams heaved and ho-ed, Grumpy retreated and crossed the line, a loser. A groan rose

continued

from the partisan crowd. The Fordham contingent whooped it up. On cue from Joyner, Grumpy graciously curtsied to the victors, and Ram Coach O'Neal Tutein presented her with a yellow Fordham cap that didn't quite fit. But somewhere in the mob of Fordham revelers, one player was overheard to say soberly, "Sure we won, but it took 20 of us to push around one *girl*."

SOUL-SEARCHING GRAFFITI

Road sign in the oceanside hamlet of Westhampton Beach, N.Y.: TO BEACH. Graffiti scrawled under those words: OR NOT TO BEACH. THAT IS THE QUESTION. Didn't we tell you it was a hamlet?

THE GRAND EXPERIMENT

In hopes of reversing the trend toward low scoring in college basketball—scoring has declined for seven straight years, reaching a three-decade low of 135.08 combined points per game last season—the NCAA is allowing conferences to experiment during the 1982-83 season with a shot clock meant to combat widespread stall-ball tactics. As an antidote to zone defenses, similar experiments with a three-point field goal are also planned. Experiment, by the way, is just the right word for it. As things now stand, three conferences have adopted both shot clocks and three-point field goals. Four have gone for three-pointers only. Four will use clocks only. The three-point circle will range from 19 feet to 21′ 3″ from the basket. The time on the shot clocks will be either 30 or 45 seconds; some will operate the entire game, others only until the last four or five minutes.

Edward Steitz, the secretary of the NCAA basketball rules committee, defends these variations as an ideal way of determining which rules will work best. But critics fear that the lack of standardization could cause chaos, and the National Association of Basketball Coaches accordingly plans to take up the disparity in rules at a special convention called for that and other purposes next week in Chicago. The association's president, Long Beach State Coach Tex Winter, says he hopes the NCAA committee can be persuaded to impose "some standardization" on the rules lest they "create havoc among coaches, fans and media."

In considering the issue, the NCAA rulemakers might be interested in the outcome of the Cavalier Classic, a recent benefit game in Charlottesville, Va. between teams consisting of former University of Virginia players. The Atlantic Coast Conference, where the trend toward stall ball and low scoring has been especially pronounced, has adopted a 19-foot three-point circle and a 30-second shot clock for all but the final four minutes, and those rules were in force during the game, which featured a remarkable 19 three-point field goals. Admittedly, the teams weren't playing much defense, but some players suggested that 19 feet, which is nearly five feet shorter in some spots than the NBA distance, wasn't enough. "It's a joke," said ex-Cavalier Jeff Lamp, an NBA rookie last season with Portland. "So many people can shoot it from 19 that it defeats the purpose of the three-point play." Ah, yes, Jeff, but just think how wickedly un-ACCish the game proved to be. Final score: 128–126.

CALLING SAM SPADE

Dialogue from the Pacific Coast League:

Tim Tolman, Tucson Toro batter, trying to convince Umpire Jim Joyce that a pitch from Hawaii Islander Pitcher Steve Fireovid entitled him to be awarded first base: "It hit me in the foot."

Joyce, examining the baseball for a telltale trace of black shoe polish: "I don't see anything. Get back in the box."

Tolman: "In case you hadn't noticed, I'm wearing white shoes."

FLEETING FAME

At the Romanian national championships in Bucharest last month, long jumper Anisoara Cusmir got off a leap of 23′ 5½″ to break the women's world record of 23′ 3¼″ held by Vilma Bardauskiene of the Soviet Union. Cusmir's record lasted only until Vali Ionescu hit a 23′ 7½″ jump less than five minutes later. It isn't often that world records are broken more than once in the same track meet, but it does happen. During the 1968 Olympics, the world record in the triple jump of 55′ 10½″ held by Jozef Schmidt of Poland was broken nine times by five different athletes, the winner being Viktor Saneev of the Soviet Union, whose distance was 57′ ¾″. Which brings us to a favorite trivia question of track and field nuts: What's the shortest time anybody has held a world record?

Well, it's not only a favorite question but also a sneaky one. It can be argued that during the 1980 Olympics in Moscow, Olga Rukavishnikova of the Soviet Union held the world pentathlon record for exactly four-tenths of a second. The last pentathlon event was the 800-meter run, and another Soviet entrant, Olga Kuragina, won that race in 2:03.6, winding up with 4,875 points, 17 better than her own world record. Rukavishnikova was the runner-up in the 800 in 2:04.8, but had scored well enough in earlier events to place ahead of Kuragina overall, with 4,937 points. But the U.S.S.R.'s Nadyezhda Tkachenko, by placing third in the 800 in 2:05.2, took the gold medal with a world-record 5,083 points. Because the governing body in the sport, the IAAF, takes the position that points in the pentathlon are officially totaled only after all events are completed, Kuragina and Rukavishnikova weren't credited with records. But some track buffs argue that each should be credited with a record for the time—1.2 seconds and four-tenths of a second, respectively—that elapsed between the moment one finished the 800 and the moment the succeeding runner did.

Compared with the four-tenths of a second Rukavishnikova can at least unofficially claim to have held the record, Cusmir's few minutes of glory in the long jump in Bucharest seem an eternity.

THEY SAID IT

- Ray (Boom Boom) Mancini, recalling a recent White House visit with President Reagan: "It's like meeting Santa Claus. You go in, shake his hand, have your picture taken and then you leave."
- Gordon King, New York Giants 6′ 6″, 275-pound tackle, explaining why rookie Joe Morris, a 5′ 7″ running back, is a welcome addition to the team: "He leaves plenty of room in the huddle."
- Tony Ayala, boxer, charged last week with burglarizing a home in San Antonio, offering as an explanation that he'd been drinking and mistakenly thought he was in his own home. "I knew I was in the wrong house when I went to go upstairs to bed and there were no stairs."
- Pete Babcock, San Diego Clippers assistant coach, assessing one of his team's middle-round draft choices: "You asked me if he can play for the Clippers and if he can play in the NBA. That's two different questions." **END**

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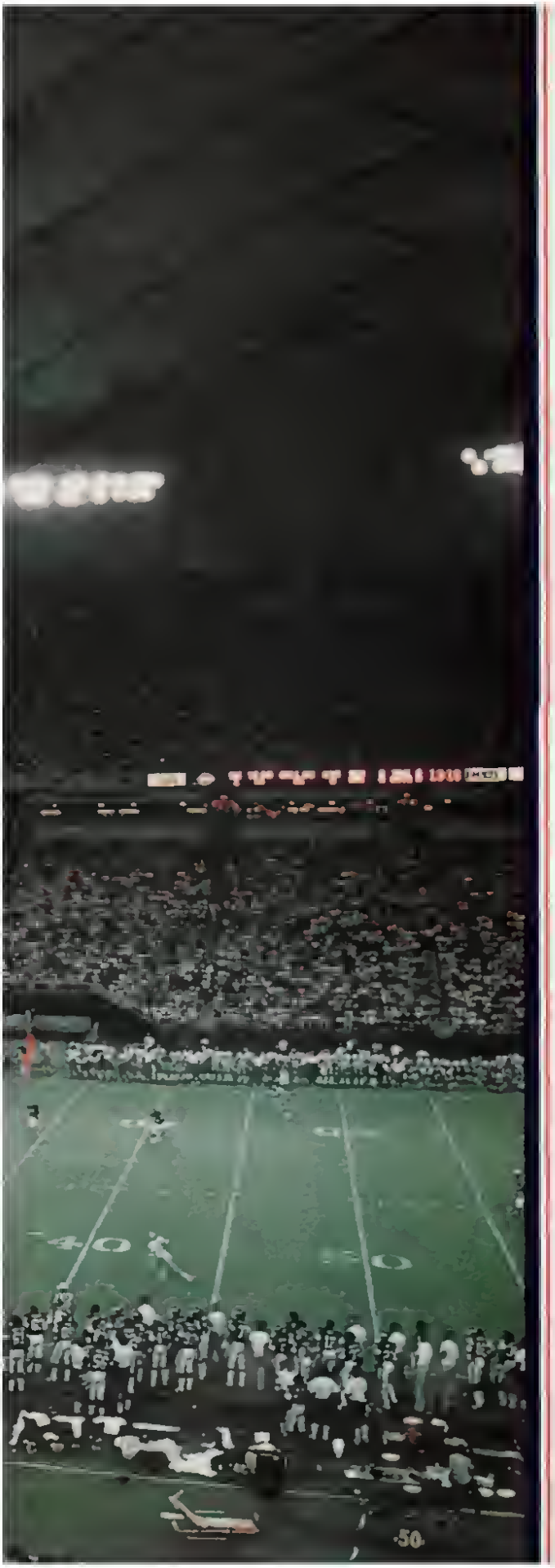
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Sports Illustrated
AUGUST 30, 1982



The Vikes' Rugged New Nook

It's Minnesota's Crockpot, where chilblains are out and running backs like Darrin Nelson can pile up the yardage **by JACK McCALLUM**

The Minnesota Vikings made their debut in the $55-million Hubert H. Humphrey Metrodome last Saturday night with a 7–3 victory over the Seattle Seahawks, another bunch of dome gnomes, and it was enough to turn a non-quiche-eating man's stomach. In the great and glorious days of Vikings past, they drafted players for their ability to exhibit grace under zero. But no more will an Ahmad Rashad or a Sammy White pluck a miracle off a safetyman's frozen fingertips. No more will a Chuck Foreman or a Ted Brown tiptoe over the frozen tundra. Football at the Vikings' old Metropolitan Stadium is just a piece of freeze-dried history.

"No matter where teams used to come from, they all used to talk about the cold in Minnesota," Rashad said on Friday. "When I was in Buffalo [in 1974 and '75], we'd be leaving 35 inches of snow and everybody would be talking about how cold it was in Minnesota. Can you imagine that?"

An even greater strain on the imagination is the

continued

Temperatures and tempers rose in the Metrodome as some longed for old Metropolitan Stadium and the snows of yesteryear (inset).



fact that the Vikings have vaulted directly from ice palace to sauna, omitting the temperate zones entirely. To be sure, they didn't pass quietly into the Enclosed Era. On Friday they filed a suit in district court against the Metropolitan Sports Facilities Commission, the panel that manages the dome, charging irregularities in several areas, including the scoreboard, the retractable seats, the parking, the broadcast facilities, the concessions and, most ironically, the air conditioning—or lack of it. Where once visiting NFL teams congealed in Minnesota, they may now melt away.

"You just hope a player or a fan doesn't die in there," Minnesota Linebacker Scott Studwell said before the game. "It would probably take something that tragic to open the commission's eyes." Though it was 82° in the dome Saturday night, the 57,880 fans and the players had been prepared for the worst by reports of the games of baseball's Twins. *Fortunately, the temperature was a moderate* 79° outside at kickoff and the humidity 42%. "They [the commission] just got lucky," said Viking General Manager Mike Lynn, "and we don't want that stadium operated on luck."

"On a humid day it's simply unbearable in there," says Tom Mee, the Twins' director of public relations. No doubt because of such talk, Don Poss, the commission's executive director and the man taking the heat for the situation, pulled a reverse Bowie Kuhn on Saturday—he wore a long-sleeved shirt and a tie in the dome. "And I'm not hot," Poss pronounced.

The Vikings and Seahawks weren't so hot, either. The game's only touchdown came on a fine grab of an 11-yard Tommy Kramer pass in the third period by Viking Tight End Joe Senser, who also blocked two Seahawk field-goal attempts. In the first half the Vikes rushed for 27 yards, the Seahawks passed for 13. There were 17 penalties, and the Seahawks had a third-down efficiency of 15% (two of 13). Get the picture? All in all, the game was as miserable as, well, a hot day in what has come to be known as the Minnesota Crockpot.

But despite some bumbling, the Vikings clearly reestablished themselves as a pretty decent aerial circus. Kramer completed 21 of 35 passes to nine different receivers. Senser, Rashad and White are still one of the best receiving trios *around, and Brown may be the best pass*-catching back in the league. Rickey Young is steady, and Tony Galbreath and Jarvis Redwine appear to be ready to contribute.

And now, too, there is Darrin Nelson, an All-America who holds seven Stanford career records. The 5′9″, 185-pound halfback was esteemed by the pros, especially by teams with artificial surfaces, because, like the Cowboys' Tony Dorsett, he's a quick-cutting runner whose style is perfectly suited to broadloom football.

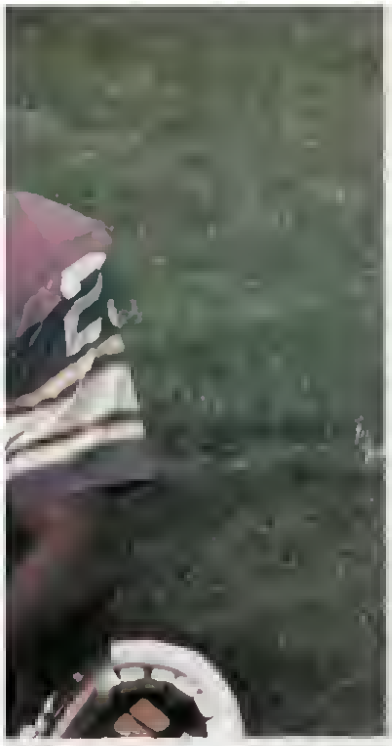
He may soon be in the first-string backfield with Brown, though Coach Bud Grant usually breaks in rookies slowly. In one three-play sequence in the second quarter against the Seahawks, Nelson darted five yards off tackle for a first down, got three more on a typical Viking hack-in-the-flat pass, then picked up 38 yards on a "scramble screen" down to the Seahawk 16-yard line, which was nullified by a clip.

Nelson, the seventh pick overall and the first running back taken in the draft, created a stir on draft day when he announced he was disappointed that the Vikings had drafted him. "I was born and raised in Los Angeles," Nelson said. "I'm used to big cities. I like to do things in the city. I like to go to discos.' Assured that the Twin Cities did so have discos, Nelson responded, "I don't want to go to discos and listen to country music."

The Twin Cities media immediately dubbed him Disco Darrin. Grant said Nelson should be assured that polkas, not C&W, were big in Minnesota. Rashad sent him a telegram that read, "Dear Darrin: Please reserve your judgment on Minnesota until you get here. Don't worry about discos. Worry about the Super Bowl. Looking forward to seeing you."

Nelson now says he was kidding about the discos. "I just like the California weather," he says. "I'm not a surfer, but I've lived there my whole life and I like to be outside, playing softball or going for a swim. But the main reason was my family. It's so far for them to come to watch me."

Nelson is an easygoing, intelligent young man (he graduated with a 3.0 as an urban development and environmental planning major) who has a squeaky high voice, smiles a lot and isn't stuck on himself. He just happens to be honest. He didn't want to go to Minnesota, and his agent, 29-year-old Tony Agnone, who's assistant to the dean of the University of Baltimore Law School, wrote the Vikings telling them just that. Agnone felt Nelson would be gone by the 10th pick, and only Minnesota among his undesirables (Detroit and Green Bay were others) drafted higher. "In retrospect, I should've written the others so it wouldn't look that bad," agonizes Agnone.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TOMSIC

When teamed in the backfield, Nelson (left) and Brown might well have the last laugh.

After some foot-dragging, Nelson signed on July 30, two days after camp began. There was speculation he had a deal worth $800,000 over three years, including signing bonus, salary and incentives. Lynn said $520,000 over three was more like it. Agnone hinted $800,000 wasn't as farfetched as Lynn claims it is, but refused to get more specific.

All the publicity about the penny-wise Vikings' paying princely sums to a rookie didn't sit well with three-year veteran Brown, who last year ranked third in the NFL in pass receptions, with 83, and ninth in the NFC in rushing, with 1,063 yards. On the day after Nelson's signing press conference, Brown missed both drills at practice at Mankato State College and never sufficiently explained his absences. He does admit that he was getting advice from his accountant that day, though. Brown was actually more upset by the reports that Nelson got a three-year guaranteed deal while most of the other Viking veterans, himself included, have a series of one-year contracts. But Lynn and Agnone both say that Nelson has signed three separate one-year contracts, too.

Though some observers were surprised when the Vikes picked another pass-catching back, Brown and Nelson shouldn't get in each other's way. Brown is the fullback, who runs and does most of his receiving on releases out of the backfield. Nelson is the movable back, who'll often line up as a wide receiver and perhaps discourage double-teaming on Rashad or White. "It's obvious what Darrin gives us with that quickness," Kramer said after Saturday's game. "He ran a little option pattern tonight, and I threw it behind him because he's so fast. But I'll adjust to it. On this turf he's going to be something else."

Nelson liked the Crockpot, and he'll like it more in November and December when those cold winds will be blowing through Metropolitan Stadium. But other opinions varied widely. "On the eighth day, God created the Vikings," said Greg Coleman, whose first punt on Saturday night sailed 70 yards, "and on the ninth day, He created the dome. It took him a long time, but I'm patient." Linebackers aren't. "Domes may be great for the skill people," said Studwell, "but not for people like me. Football should be played outdoors." Said Brown, "I wouldn't mind playing the first half of the season outdoors and moving into the dome for the second half."

For his part, Grant was taking a predictably moderate stance. "There was a lot of criticism in New Orleans when they built the Superdome," he said, "but still and all it's the biggest thing that happened down there to make that a big league town. Someday they'll erect a statue in front of the place to the man responsible for the Superdome. We had to do something here, and this was the best move to accommodate everyone."

Though there were no tears shed the day before the game, there was a lot of nostalgia about the good ol' Met.

"I honestly can say the cold weather never bothered me," Studwell said, "even when it was 20 below. The Met wasn't exactly ideal for football, but I'm going to miss that place and that unique feeling of playing outdoors."

Rashad won't miss it quite as much, but he'll miss it just the same. "I'd just die when it was cold," he said. "Listen, is Bud around? I'll tell you this. Sometimes he used to give me a hand-warmer he kept in his pocket on real cold days. I think he saw that I wanted to leave because it was so cold.

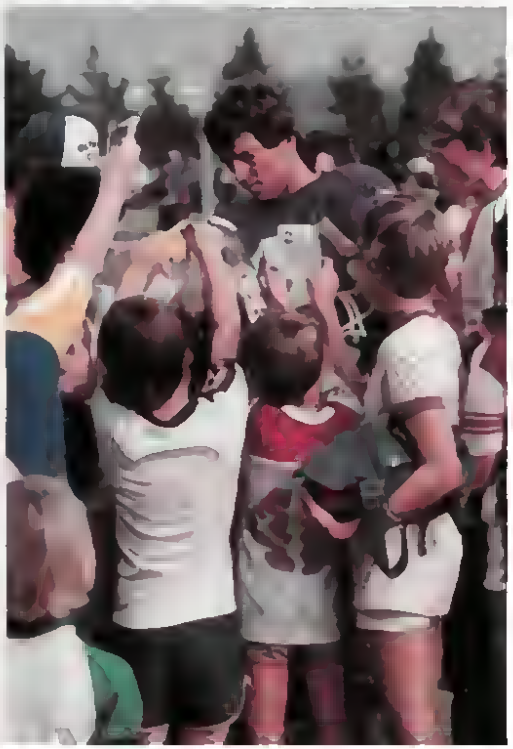
"But I always felt the cold out here gave me an advantage, because the footing wasn't very good and I knew where I was going. There were so many big plays made when the defender slipped. Some of them went against us, too. But that kind of thing was synonymous with Viking history. You had to concentrate to play in this weather. You know what the hardest catch is to make? A five-yard out in five-degree weather.

"The big reason we had an advantage in the cold is that we knew there was *nothing* you could do. When it's five degrees, it's five degrees. George Allen used to try all sorts of things. He'd bring his team in here a week early, lose, then the next time come in a day early, lose again. The only thing you could do was prepare yourself mentally for the cold, and that's what we did."

Former Viking great Fran Tarkenton told Coleman the key to beating the cold was keeping the feet warm. "Once the feet go, forget it," Coleman said. "So I'd change socks and shoes after pregame warmups and again at halftime. Hey, I paid my dues here. I'm not going to miss that cold.

"O.K., the cold weather was a big part of Viking history," the punter said. "I'll have some nostalgia for it. But only until fourth down." END

Kramer thrilled his fans with a TD toss.



Even With A Shiner, Coe Was Finer

Despite getting punched by a Swiss, Sebastian Coe was the big cheese in three 800s as he prepped for the "richest race ever" **by CRAIG NEFF**



The strangest occurrence in Sebastian Coe's suddenly eventful summer took place in the Swiss resort town of Interlaken on Aug. 15. Coe, the world-record holder in the mile and at 800 and 1,000 meters, was staying at a hotel there with his parents, Peter and Angela, and his girl friend, West German skier Irene Epple, preparing for his first serious race in two and a half months, an 800 three days hence in Zurich. When Epple came ashore from a boardsailing session on the Lake of Thun that Sunday afternoon, she left her board on the beach with the three Coes and went to the hotel to change clothes. Then the trouble started.

A huskily built Swiss boardsailing instructor, one Ralph Baumann, 45, came in off the lake and began screaming furiously at the Coes to get themselves and Epple's board off his section of beach immediately. "Just two minutes," said Peter Coe, 63, who began moving slowly toward the board. This only further enraged Baumann, who snapped, "You English are all the same. You think the world waits for you." He heaved Epple's board into the lake, grabbed the elder Coe by the shirt collar and started shaking him. When Angela Coe rushed over to free her husband, Baumann took a swing at her. "At that point," said Sebastian later, "I blew my top."

The slender (5' 9¼", 129 pounds) runner picked up a three-foot piece of driftwood and clobbered Baumann on the back of the head. "I must admit I'm a bit surprised he got up," says Coe. But Baumann did indeed get up, and while two passersby held Seb, the instructor sailed into him with his fists. Coe showed up in Interlaken court two days later with a black eye, a swollen nose and a skinned elbow. Baumann had five stitches in his head. They explained the incident at a preliminary hearing, then patched up their differences. Baumann even offered Coe free boardsailing lessons.

Thus it was that after months of being at less than his best because of injury, Coe, now 25, assumed his familiar role as the center of attention on the European track circuit last week, and his coming-out races in Zurich, London and Cologne proved he can still run better than he can hit. But Coe may have run too well. By week's end, some of the attention he was getting from his fellow runners was cynical and caustic. They doubted he'd ever been hurt at all.

On Wednesday night in Zurich, Coe was mostly the butt of harmless jokes. "I see he's come here unarmed," said a British newspaperman when Coe stepped onto the track. Cracked miler Craig Masback, "No one will dare run against him in a relay." Others suggested Coe might be of use in cricket test matches. The runners in the 800, however, found nothing humorous in Coe's presence.

Through 600 meters, Coe stayed near the front. Off his shoulder sat U.S. champion James Robinson, always a strong finisher, seemingly ready to strike. Though the pace had already been fast, Coe and Robinson quickened it as they entered the far turn. Together, they took the lead. For a moment.

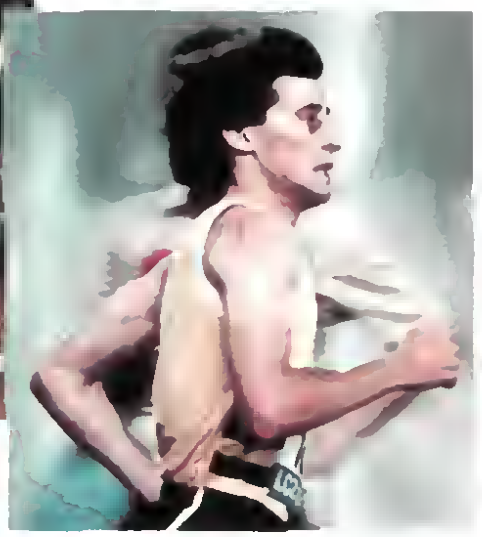
Coe then pulled away so rapidly that he had an eight-yard lead halfway down the homestretch. This was the Coe who ran the stunning 1:41.8 world record last year. Seven times he looked back to check on his pursuers and seven times he saw them straining, tying up. By the finish line Coe had intentionally slowed to little more than a walk. Still, he beat Robinson and Detlef Wagenknecht of East Germany by more than half a second. He had run the second-fastest 800 in the world for 1982: 1:44.48.

"I sounded like an old Victorian steam engine," Coe said later, describing the trouble he had had breathing through his swollen nose. Yet he had looked as smooth as ever—remarkable for someone who hadn't run a step between early June and the end of July because of a stress fracture in his right shin.

Too remarkable, said several other middle-distance runners, who doubted that Coe had suffered a stress fracture at all. "The X rays are there to be seen at Charing Cross Hospital," said Coe, slightly miffed. During his seven-week layoff, he said, he hadn't been idle: He had worked out on a rowing machine and



PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE POWELL



With Kenya's Sammy Koskei (120) in the lead and Robinson (126) behind, Coe did better than squeak by in Zurich with his not-so-mighty mouse.

with free weights and had pedaled the equivalent of 1,350 miles on a cycling machine. That, he explained, was why he had been able to come back so fast.

The milers on the European circuit offered a different explanation. They said that Coe and British rival Steve Ovett had each been guaranteed between $125,000 and $190,000—easily the highest payment to a performer in the history of track and field—by British and U.S. television promoters to race each other in the mile this Sept. 25 in Eugene, Ore. (If either received such a sum and admitted taking it, he would be required to give 15% of it to the British Amateur Athletic Board and put the rest in a trust fund until he retires.) That race is said to be the payoff to Coe and Ovett for steadfastly refusing—while setting or tying eight and four world records, respectively, in the last three years—to compete against each other except in the Olympics. To save himself for Eugene and for the early September European championships and to avoid facing Ovett this summer, Coe, the milers alleged, had feigned injury. It should be noted that they had reason to be bitter. They had heard that their total share of the money for the Eugene race would be just $30,000.

On Wednesday afternoon came the news that Ovett had been hurt and that he might miss the rest of the season, including the Eugene mile. As reported by *The Times* of London, Ovett was running a hard 500 meters in practice in his home city of Brighton when he "incurred the classical manifestation of the hamstring pull." That is, he suddenly yelped and shot straight up in the air. Ovett hadn't run well all year after suffering a knee injury last December. It's quite possible that another Briton, 21-year-old Steve Cram, whose 1:44.45 ranks as this year's fatest 800, might soon surpass Ovett, 26, as Coe's principal rival.

In fact, in Friday night's meet at London's Crystal Palace, Coe and Cram were the outstanding performers. Cram easily defeated American mile-record-holder Steve Scott in the 1,000, while Coe won the 800 as convincingly as he had in Zurich, though in the slightly slower time of 1:45.85. Then on Sunday in Cologne he won the 800 yet again, in 1:45.10. Coe was so pleased with his performances he said he might enter the 1,500 as well as the 800 at the European championships in Athens in September. "I haven't felt this good since, well, it's been a long time," he said.

Outside Crystal Palace early Friday evening, with temperatures in the 40s, black clouds rolling in and a nasty wind howling, British fans had queued up to buy copies of a new paperback, *The Coe & Ovett File*. The title and the brisk sales suggested that the book was a fine thriller, ideal for reading in bed on such an inclement night. But the book, a collection of *Athletics Weekly* articles on Coe and Ovett, ends with the 1981 season. The Coe-Ovett story apparently has a few intriguing twists left. **END**

Another Body For The Graveyard

Favored Conquistador Cielo dug a deep hole for himself in the Travers

by WILLIAM LEGGETT



It must be the elms that do it; no other explanation will do. Virtually every August it seems that an outstanding horse goes to Saratoga and gets thrashed. The course isn't called "The Graveyard of Favorites" for nothing. In 1919 it was Man O'War, the greatest America ever produced. Upset beat him. Come 1930 and Triple Crown winner Gallant Fox arrived at Saratoga only to be beaten by Jim Dandy, a 100–1 shot. An unknown named Onion ran rings around Secretariat in 1973. Triple Crown winner Affirmed lost the Travers of '78 on a foul. Just a year ago Kentucky Derby and Preakness winner Pleasant Colony was upset by a 24–1 shot, Willow Hour. Last Saturday afternoon, however, the elms were at their most outrageous.

Never in the history of the Travers had three different winners of Triple Crown races gathered for a shootout. Gato Del Sol (Kentucky Derby), Aloma's Ruler (Preakness) and Conquistador Cielo (Belmont) all turned up for the $221,500 Travers, America's oldest continuously run stakes race. With only two other horses to face them, it was a cinch that one of the three would win. None did. The second-largest crowd (41,839) ever at Saratoga sat in stunned silence as a gray horse named Runaway Groom scooted across the finish line half a length in front of Aloma's Ruler and 1¼ lengths ahead of the prohibitive favorite, Conquistador Cielo. Gato Del Sol was dead last, beaten by 9¾ lengths. As dusk fell on the old racetrack one could almost hear its storied elms cackling in glee.

Runaway Groom, a 12–1 shot, was entered in the Travers only because his owner, 57-year-old Albert P. Coppola, grew up in nearby Schenectady and went to the Saratoga track whenever he could. "You could say I entered my horse for vanity's sake, to see my colors in the race I love the most," Coppola said afterward. "I thought we might be able to finish third or maybe fourth. There's nothing wrong with that. Runaway Groom runs from far back, and I thought he might benefit from a speed duel." Coppola paused for a moment, tugged on his horn-rimmed glasses and said, "I just did that, didn't I? I won the Travers."

Sharing in the wonder of it all was Runaway Groom's trainer, 54-year-old John DiMario, who was born in Mt. Vernon, near New York City, and worked the tracks for 30 years. In June, Coppola talked him out of retirement, persuading him to train the six horses Coppola owns.

Runaway Groom, a Canadian-bred, was unraced as a 2-year-old and didn't win a race until April of this year. After finishing first in an allowance event at Churchill Downs on June 19, the colt lost Canada's most important race, the Queen's Plate, at Woodbine, by 2½ lengths on June 27. Few believed in him; he was sent away by the bettors at Woodbine at 38–1.

Early in July, Runaway Groom showed up at Belmont Park on a routine Thursday afternoon card in a modest 1 1/16-mile feature race, run on the turf and open to horses that hadn't won "two races other than maiden, claiming or starter" events. Runaway Groom drew the outside post in a field of 11. He dawdled along near the back of the field, then made a rather startling move to get to the lead and drew off by 2½ lengths. Though it was an interesting performance, to most of the Belmont faithful it was one to be filed and forgotten. No one could imagine that the winner of a grass race in July would come back six weeks later and triumph in one of the most prestigious races on dirt in this country.

Runaway Groom went back to Canada, where he lost the Heresy Stakes at Woodbine before winning the second leg of the Canadian Triple Crown, the Prince of Wales. Both of those races were on turf. These days it's very rare to find a 3-year-old who can switch from dirt to grass and grass to dirt and still win, but Runaway Groom seemed to be a horse that could do it. The Travers came next.

Run at 1¼ miles, with all horses carrying equal weight of 126 pounds, it quickly evolved into a head-to-head duel be-

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY NESTE

tween Aloma's Ruler and Conquistador Cielo, with the latter on the rail and Lejoli and Gato Del Sol not far behind. Runaway Groom seemed to be running in a different race. At one point he was nearly 20 lengths off the pace as the two leaders battled it out.

And battle they did. At the head of the stretch Aloma's Ruler was a bit in front, but by the time they straightened away, Conquistador Cielo had poked his nose into the lead. Even as the two dueled, a gray, menacing presence was closing in. Runaway Groom ran very wide, but his choppy stride was picking up ground. He drew alongside Conquistador Cielo and Aloma's Ruler, then swept by them in convincing fashion.



Runaway Groom runs away from Aloma's Ruler and Conquistador Cielo at the wire.

Most handicappers had thought that if anyone could beat Conquistador Cielo, it would be Wavering Monarch, who had outraced Aloma's Ruler in the Haskell Handicap at Monmouth on July 31. Four days before the Travers, however, Wavering Monarch threw his right front shoe during a workout and had to be scratched because he had bruised his hoof. With Wavering Monarch out, it was assumed that Conquistador Cielo would just breeze home and move onward to become "Horse of the Year."

Conquistador had flourished at exactly the right time to get the ultimate in media exposure. Entering the Travers, he had won seven straight races and seemed far in front of the 3-year-old division. Shortly after the Belmont, he had also begun making news off the track. Business news. Stories of his imminent syndication spread, and the price went up every day. A week before the Travers, some remarkable figures were announced: Claiborne Farm would syndicate the colt for $36.4 million, though his owner, Henryk deKwiatkowski, said, "It wasn't the highest offer I received." There are 40 shares, with deKwiatkowski retaining 10—two of which are ticketed for Trainer Woody Stephens. Each share cost $910,000, an astounding figure even by racing's inflated standards. Compare Conquistador's price per share to those of other top horses of the past decade. Spectacular Bid, $550,000; Affirmed, $400,000; Seattle Slew, $300,000; Secretariat, $190,000. In no way are Conquistador's accomplishments equal to theirs. Is he worth $910,000 a share? Yep, just as long as someone is willing to pay.

However, the price Conquistador Cielo himself paid in the Travers was also heavy. Not only did his reputation and his chance at the Horse of the Year award suffer, but the day after the race, Stephens announced that the colt would be retired from racing. He had strained a ligament in his left front ankle. "I decided it would be in the best interest of the horse," said Stephens. "He didn't have the best of it yesterday, being on the inside and all. If I had it to do over again, I probably would have had him go to the lead instead of taking back. He was too rank, and a horse can't run like that."

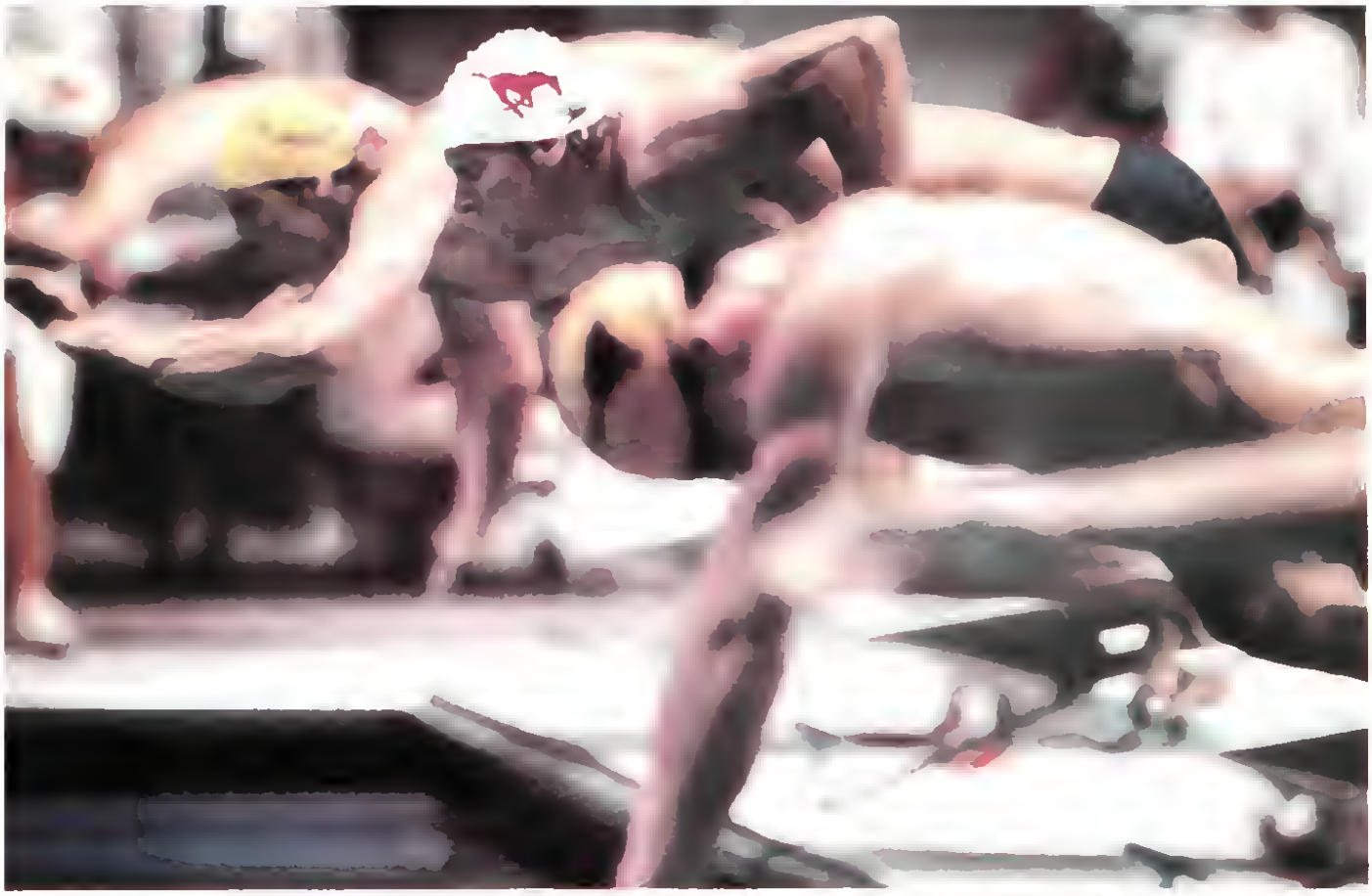
It was an opinion that Conquistador's jockey, Eddie Maple, would have agreed with. "Conquistador fought me all the way," Maple said after the race. "I just couldn't get him to relax. He used himself too much."

Maple has spent a good deal of time in recent weeks squabbling with the New York State Racing and Wagering Board over when he should start a suspension given him on Aug. 2. Through legal maneuverings, Maple kept his ride on Conquistador Cielo in the Travers, but that wasn't certain until six hours before the race, when a judge so ruled.

Rumors circulated throughout Saratoga that Conquistador Cielo would be scratched if Maple wasn't allowed to ride. Stephens, however, had already thought ahead and taken "a call" on Jeffrey Fell, and still another on Don MacBeth. In a game of musical saddles, Fell was to end up on Runaway Groom and take home 10% of the winner's share of $132,900. It was the Canadian jockey's second Travers ride, and his first win.

Fell is also the regular rider of Timely Writer, the Kentucky Derby favorite, who had to miss the spring's top events because of an intestinal disorder. But Timely Writer has made it back to the racetrack and recently won the Yankee Handicap at Suffolk Downs. How does Fell compare the two horses? "Timely Writer has more ability than most of the 3-year-olds at Saratoga," he says. "He's an outstanding colt. If he can come back all the way, he's the horse to beat in the big races of the fall."

With Conquistador Cielo out of the scene, those fall races—the $200,000 Woodward Stakes, the $400,000 Marlboro Cup and the $500,000 Jockey Club Gold Cup—could decide Horse of the Year honors. By the way, all three races are at Belmont. Saratoga's elms can't be blamed for any fresh surprises. END



Lundquist dived into the 100 breaststroke final suffering from a painfully swollen knee, but a world-record time turned agony to ecstasy.

Not Quite Down To Empty For Indy

The pool was fast, but swimmers were frazzled, so the long course nationals were short on records

by DAN LEVIN

Steve Lundquist rose from his chair in an Indianapolis hotel room last Friday night, a simple enough procedure for the brawny world-record holder in the 100-meter breaststroke, but one he would come to regret. Well, at least regret for 24 hours. The 21-year-old SMU senior and his fellow swimmers had come to Indianapolis for the U.S. Long Course Championships, hoping to smash a slew of world records, thereby helping to offset their less than brilliant showing at the recent World Aquatic Championships in Equador. And what more likely place in which to do it than the spanking-new Natatorium, a multimillion-dollar swimming heaven? But with three of four days of competition over, the U.S. was bombing again. Only one record had been broken, the American mark in the 800 freestyle, by Tony Corbisiero, an injury-prone Columbia University senior from Queens, N.Y.

Injuries and infirmities seemed to go hand in hand with success at Indianapolis, all of which brings us back to last Friday night. Lundquist arose from his chair, and his left knee buckled painfully beneath him. By morning it was swollen, but he iced it down and said a few prayers, and that evening he dived from the block in the finals of the 100 breaststroke. One minute and 2.53 seconds later he had broken his own world record of 1:02.62, set 33 days earlier at the World Trials in Mission Viejo, Calif. Then he informed the world of his knee trouble.

"When did it start?" he was asked.

"When I was 13 and messing around doing crazy stuff," he said. "But don't ask what. And then it didn't bother me again until last night."

"Did it really hurt while you were swimming?"

"It certainly hurt all day," he said. "On the dive, I put most of the pressure on my right knee, but when I started kicking—the breast kick is tough on the knees—there was no pain. It hurt afterward, though, and it hurts now, but the world record kind of dulls the pain."

"What's going to be your next goal, the Olympics?"

"No, it's helping SMU win next year's NCAAs. I think they're going to be held here [in March], and this is an incredible facility, by the way."

That facility, by the way, caused even more excitement at Indianapolis than did Lundquist, though few of the swimmers had any conception of the intricate planning that went into building it. They

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER

could see the six-lane, 50-meter warmup pool, the eight-lane, 50-meter competition pool, the elevators to the diving platforms, the railings on the starting blocks and the advanced gutter system that keeps waves from rebounding off the pool sides as well as any other in the country, and that the competition pool was unusually deep. But they couldn't know the lengths to which the designers had gone to make the pool fast: for example, that crystals of potassium permanganate had been placed at various depths of several test pools, and that swimmers had then been directed to pass over them. At a depth of 7½ feet, it was observed that the crystals no longer scattered. So, to be on the safe side, the pool was given a uniform depth of 10 feet, with the result that there is no turbulence off the bottom.

Lundquist was one of only five U.S. swimmers who won individual events at the worlds—his victory was in the 100 breast—which had begun just five days after the trials ended. And the long course nationals followed the worlds by only 11 days. So hopes for redemption at Indianapolis may not have been realistic. As Mission Viejo Coach Mark Schubert put it, "The majority of the people at this meet are on the back side of too many tapers, three of them in as many weeks. They're not in condition to deliver maximum performances."

Corbisiero was one of the notable exceptions. He had failed to qualify for the worlds, but just four days before the start of the nationals he won three events at New York's Empire State Games, the 400, 800 and 1,500 free. And then, on the first day at Indianapolis he set his first American record, in the 800, at the same time winning his first national championship. As he completed 300 meters of the race, the pool announcer shouted, "Tony Corbisiero is three seconds ahead of Brian Goodell's American record of 7:59.66." That seemed poetic justice. In the 1981 indoor short course nationals Corbisiero had become only the second swimmer ever to break nine minutes for 1,000 yards. Unfortunately, Goodell was the first, in the same race. Now Corbisiero broke Goodell's record, finishing in 7:58.50 to become the first Columbia swimmer to win a national title in 37 years. And he did it a little more than two months after a badly pulled shoulder forced him out of the *Seventeen* magazine meet in Mission Viejo.

Earlier in 1982 Corbisiero had suffered from such severe stomach ailments that he couldn't work out without becoming sick. The trouble originated with his cooking, but when asked what he was cooking, he replied, "Well, heating up, actually. I was eating giant hoagie bombers, from the deli. You know, the works: peppers, onions, pepperoni, salami, three of them a day. The doctor said, 'Keep it up and you'll develop an ulcer.' "

Corbisiero's Indy 800 was only the second of 34 events at the nationals; the record came so early and so decisively that it seemed to suggest a trend. But two more days and 25 more races would pass before another mark fell. Meanwhile, Tracy Caulkins kept rolling along, winning the 200 backstroke and the 400 and 200 IM, the latter for her 42nd national title. But she set no records. "It's a lot harder to get psyched up now than when I was young," she said. Caulkins is 19.

On the last night of competition, as Lundquist warmed up, an old lady of 20 named Sue Walsh, from Hamburg, N.Y., lowered herself into the pool for the start of the 100 backstroke. (Her seven opponents averaged 16.5 years of age.) She had been suffering from a heavy cold. Two days earlier, in fact. Walsh could barely speak, and now she was tired. She coughed a few times to clear her lungs, and then the race was on. She covered the first 50 in 29.95, .13 below Linda Jezek's split when Jezek set the American record of 1.02.55 back in 1978, but Walsh didn't know that. She was afraid to look up at the digital clock on the scoreboard, an easy thing for a backstroker to do. "If I was slow I'd be upset," she said, "and if I was fast I'd be nervous."



Columbia's Corbisiero: a gem of the pool.

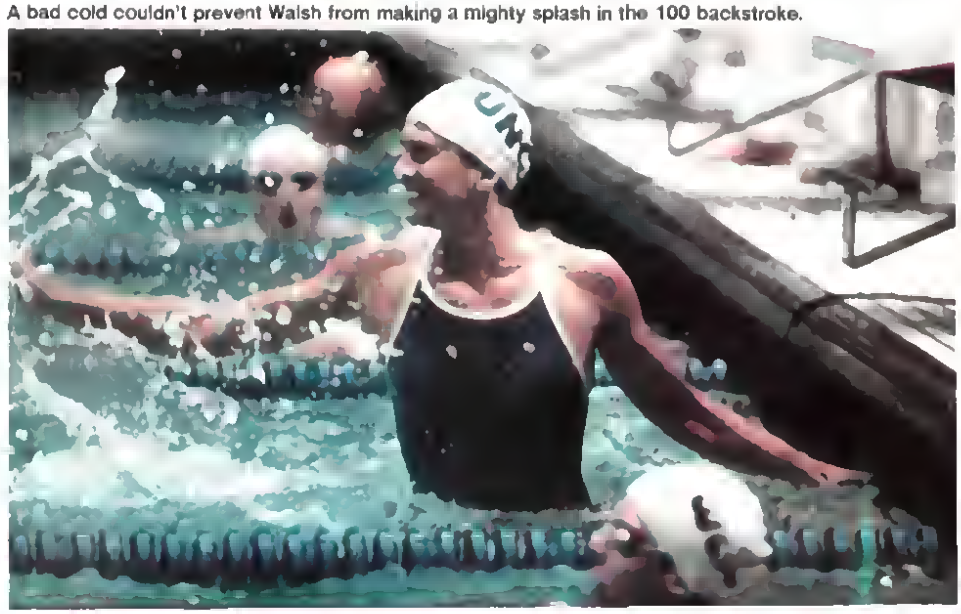
But coming up the second 50 meters she saw a yellow rope overhead, and she knew it marked the 75-meter point. She said to herself, "It's now or never."

It was now. The junior accounting major from the University of North Carolina was the new American record holder in the 100 back, with a time of 1:02.48.

A few minutes later Lundquist would limp to the starting block, Corbisiero was looking forward to his mother's veal parmigiana, and his coach, Don Galluzzi, was talking about Caulkins. "Can you believe it? Forty-two national titles, and we were jumping and screaming over one."

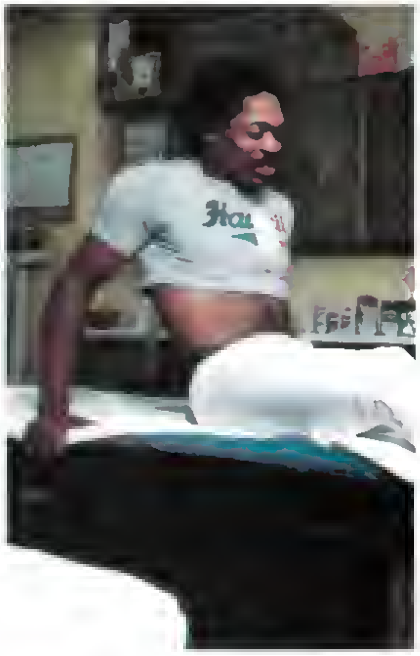
But Caulkins hadn't set any records. In a meet highlighted by Lundquist, Walsh and Corbisiero, maybe she had simply been too healthy. END

A bad cold couldn't prevent Walsh from making a mighty splash in the 100 backstroke.



Black And Blue And Aiken' All Over

The Kansas City Royals are leading the major leagues in injuries, but they're winning anyway, thanks to the modalities **by STEVE WULF**

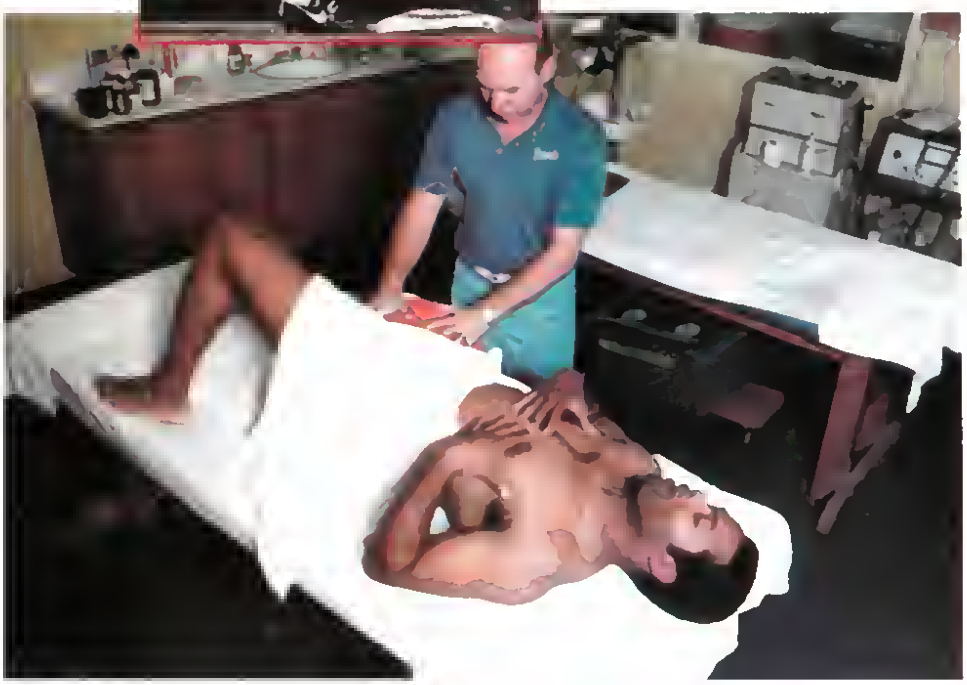


Hands, feet, fingers, backs, arms, legs, ankles, groins and ribs. Strains, sprains, pulls, contusions, effusions, lacerations, tendinitis, synovitis and turf toe. Aikens, Blue, Brett, Concepcion, Frost, Geronimo, Gura, Jones, Leonard, Martin, May, Otis, Quirk, Splittorff, Washington, Wathan, White and Wilson. Put them all together and you have the Kansas City Royals, the hurtingest team in baseball, and probably the best.

Their team picture should be an X ray. In fact, an extra team picture had to be taken this month because so many of the players weren't around for the one shot in June. It may only be a coincidence, but their losing pitchers in a doubleheader against the Yankees last week were Black and Blue (Bud and Vida). There was a night in Toronto earlier in the season when Trainer Mickey Cobb had to take three players to the hospital for observation. "I feel like I'm working for a *M***A***S***H* unit," says Cobb.

The Royals finished the week one game out of first place in the American League West, with six weeks to play. Their position was remarkable considering the fact that they have had their best starting nine available for only 31 of the first 123 games. The regulars have missed a total of 121 games and the reserves 73. The pitchers have missed 34 starts. The only regular who hasn't been out of the lineup because of injury is DH Hal McRae, and he's playing with a slight groin pull.





Despite a groin pull McRae could be MVP, but Cobb's a hands-down choice for MVT.

Says Cobb, who was one of the All-Star Game trainers this year, "I like to keep busy, but I'd much rather be counting bandages. There was a time this summer when for about two weeks the players were literally lined up outside the training room to use the modalities." (The modalities aren't a doo-wop group, but rather the electrogalvanic stimulator, the ultrasound unit, the hydroculator, the Cybex muscle tester and the whirlpool.)

"I don't know how or why we are where we are," says Jamie Quirk, who's on the disabled list with a bad back. Says Willie Wilson, "It must be destiny that we're still in the race." Wilson is the leading hitter in the league with a .338 average. He missed 24 games with a pulled left hamstring early in the season.

Destiny aside, the Royals are a game out thanks to: their strong bench, the patchwork done by the front office, the patience of Manager Dick Howser, their league-leading .286 team batting average, a 44–17 record on their home Tartan Turf, 108 RBIs from McRae and—sh-boom, sh-boom—the modalities.

Last week the Royals did resemble the 4077th. Since Aug. 13 they've done without Third Baseman George Brett, who





hurt his right wrist while checking his swing on a pitch by Detroit's Milt Wilcox. Since 1976 the Royals have been only 60–74 without Brett, but fortunately, Greg Pryor, his replacement, is hitting .288. Brett's injury is a form of tendinitis—a chip from the ulna is lodged in the ligament structure, causing the tendon around it to become inflamed.

The same condition may have cost Brett his shot at .400 in 1980, and he felt it again during the Royals' tour of Japan last November. "It happens after I take a funky swing," says Brett. "It usually goes away. This time it didn't." Actually, the injury dates back to his freshman year in high school when he tried to dunk a basketball after jumping off a springboard, hung himself up on the rim, then came down on his wrist. He'll almost certainly have to have an operation after the season, but until then he'll take cortisone shots and wait. As of Sunday he had yet to take batting practice.

In the 2–0, 4–3 doubleheader loss to New York on Aug. 16, the Royals were without Dan Quisenberry, whose 27 saves tie him for second in the league and whose total of 103 innings is fourth-highest on the staff. The Quiz had developed what he thought was a stomach virus. "I must have picked it up in Detroit," he said. "I think I ate a bad goat or something in Greektown. At first I thought I had getting-old disease because my back hurt. Then it moved to my stomach. I made it halfway through the national anthem before I performed a sequel to *The Exorcist*. Then I slept through both games on the training table."

Although he saved Thursday's 3–0 win over Chicago for Larry Gura and was credited with Saturday's 4–3 defeat of the White Sox, Quiz was still a little queasy at week's end. "The doctor put me on a very bland diet to go along with my personality," he said.

Quisenberry had to preserve Gura's 15th victory because the starter had pulled a groin muscle in the first inning

Leonard hurt an ankle, stopped a liner, fractured two fingers, missed 17 starts.





Washington's ills have been Un-Limited: back spasm, muscle pull, now hamstring.

and couldn't continue past the seventh. Gura, who is working toward a green belt in tae kwon do, took some ribbing from his teammates because he has complained about their sorry physical states. "Who knows?" he said. "Maybe if I wasn't in such good shape, the pull would've been a tear."

After the game Thursday night, *M*A*S*H* was preempted by Kansas City's version of *Hill Street Blues*. Howser was a passenger in a Datsun driven by Coach Rocky Colavito when it was struck by a Volkswagen as they were leaving the stadium parking lot at about 11 p.m. Colavito left the car to argue with the driver, David L. Roach. Police officer Michael Paschal, who was directing traffic, stepped between them and, according to the police report, was pushed by Colavito. When a second officer, Roy

continued



A leg and a shoulder gave Vida the blues

ROYALS *continued*

Callahan, stepped in, police say, Howser jumped on his back. The manager has told friends he didn't. More cops arrived, and one squad car was damaged when it hit another vehicle.

Howser and Colavito were handcuffed and taken to the city jail, where they were fingerprinted, photographed and released on their own recognizance. They were charged with hindering and interfering with police and ordered to appear in municipal court Sept. 14. The Royals play the Mariners that night.

On Friday Brett cheerfully popped into Howser's office and said, "Say, Skip, can I have a ride home tonight?" Howser, who had some abrasions on his forehead from the accident, and Colavito, who had some bruises, wouldn't reveal any details of their fracas. But the fans in rightfield displayed a banner that read ROCKY IV. And after Howser was given a stereo cassette player for being a guest on a radio show, he said, "This should come in handy at Leavenworth."

On Saturday Colavito was standing behind the batting cage watching his 14-year-old son Steve hit when a foul ball off Steve's bat struck Rocky on the bridge of the nose. "Poor Rocky," said Wilson. "Bad luck must have come walking up behind him, tapped him on the shoulder and said, 'Hey, Rock. . . .' "

Blue was supposed to pitch on Saturday, but he had strained his back on Thursday trying to lift a home gymnasium set. "I should've bent my knees," said Blue. Said Black, who replaced him, "I feel like a freak. I haven't been hurt yet."

The Royals' problems really began in the off-season. Mike Jones, who was supposed to be their third starter behind Gura and Dennis Leonard, dislocated the fourth and fifth vertebrae in his neck in an auto accident and was out for the season. That's why Kansas City had to trade pitchers Renie Martin and Atlee Hammaker and a minor-leaguer to pry Blue and a minor-leaguer from San Francisco.

With 11 days to go before the season opener, Wilson pulled his left hamstring. He tried to play opening day, missed the next eight games, tried again on April 19 and ended up missing another 16 games.

The most telling blow occurred on May 21 when Leonard, who had already missed a start because of a sprained ankle, stopped a line drive by the Rangers' Buddy Bell and broke the index and middle fingers of his pitching hand. Specifically, he suffered an undisplaced fracture of the proximal inner phalangeal joint of the index finger and a "fracture dislocation" of the PIP joint of his middle finger. He had a pin in his middle finger for 10 days and some wire in it for three weeks. Full recovery took about 11 weeks, three longer than expected and Leonard missed 16 starts. On Friday he made his third start since coming off the disabled list, getting the win in a 13–5 rout of the White Sox.

On July 5 Catcher John Wathan fouled a pitch from Boston's Bruce Hurst off his left ankle. He caught the next inning, but felt he might have broken something. In fact, he had fractured the medial malleolus of the ankle. He wore a boot cast for four weeks. The Duke had a shoemaker near his Blue Springs, Mo. home build a special sneaker for his other foot to keep his pelvis level. "The sneaker made me six-foot-five," says Wathan, who's 6′ 2″. "I was ready for the NBA." He was also ready to play in less than six weeks, a week earlier than expected.

So now Wathan, who had 26 stolen bases when he went down, can continue his chase of the alltime record for catchers, held since 1916 by Ray Schalk, who had 30. The Wathan Watch isn't quite the same as the Henderson Watch, but it has its moments. The other night a reporter asked the Duke, "John, you had two chances to steal a base tonight but didn't. Are you feeling the pressure?"

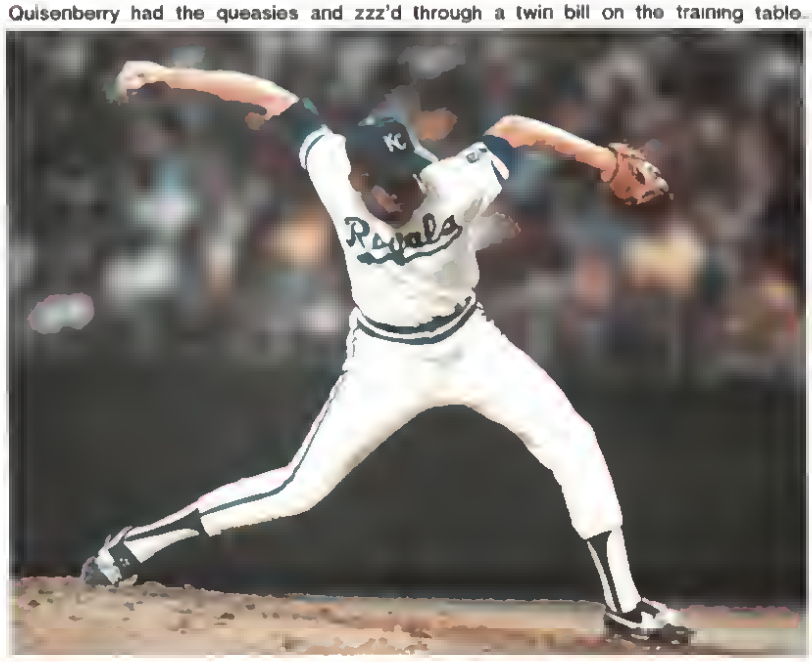
In alphabetical order, here are the other 1982 Royal injuries:

Willie Aikens suffered severe contusions to the dorsum of his right hand diving into second while being picked off and was disabled from April 13 to May 7. The hand still bothers him, which is why he has only eight home runs. His eighth, however, came with two outs in the bottom of the ninth Saturday to beat Chicago 4–3. He may finally be coming out of his batting syncope, because the night before he tripled for the first time in 1,717 regular-season at bats.

Before Saturday, Blue had missed five starts because of shoulder stiffness and

continued

Quisenberry had the queasies and zzz'd through a twin bill on the training table.



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The Royals hope a couple of shots in the wrist will get Brett back into the lineup.

pulled adductor muscles in his left leg. Brett missed five games in May when his right knee caught the lip of the turf in Toronto. Onix Concepcion sprained the ulnar collateral ligament of the metacarpal joint in his right thumb and missed the first 39 games. Righthander Dave Frost missed eight starts between June 13 and July 25 with a sore elbow, the result of synovitis, which, as everyone knows, is the inflammation of the synovium lining of the elbow joint. Cesar Geronimo fractured the tip of his 10th rib making a throw on June 26 and was lost for 21 games. Earlier in the season, Gura twisted his right ankle catching a spike in the turf while pivoting to begin a double play, and he missed a start.

Jerry Martin twisted his right knee making a leaping catch in Cleveland on July 28, causing an effusion that had to be drained. That cost him two games. Lee May was out for nine games with a bad knee and a pulled groin. At different times, Amos Otis has missed three, four and six games aggravating a pull in the lower abdominal muscles. "That was just one of many injuries this year I'd never seen before," says Dr. Paul Meyer, who has been a K.C. team physician since 1961, when he looked after the A's.

Paul Splittorff, who's been in the Royals' organization since its inception in 1968 and who has had a bad back almost as long, has missed two starts and came out early in two other games because of spasms in the lumbar area. U.L. Washington suffered similar spasms and missed 23 games. A pulled buttocks muscle cost him two more games, and a pulled hamstring sidelined him Sunday. Frank White was lost for seven games after A's Catcher Mike Heath spiked him on his left knee June 23. White also suffers from turf toe on his right foot and a spur on the top of the foot.

The scariest moment of all came on Aug. 4 when the Tigers' Dan Petry hit Wilson in the head with a pitch. Fortunately, the ball struck the right earflap of his helmet, cracking it but leaving Wilson with only a slightly bruised, swelled cheekbone. Petry sent a telegram of apology, and Wilson has felt no ill effects.

The irony in all this pain and suffering is that an injury is in large part responsible for McRae's great season. He twisted his left knee severely in the very first game of the Japanese tour and had to go home. Back home in Bradenton, Fla., McRae embarked on a strenuous rehabilitation program and lost 20 pounds to ease the strain on his knee. He has kept the weight off and now has a chance to become the first MVP to enter the free-agent market. He had the game-winning RBI in the Royals' 8–4 victory over the Yankees on Aug. 17, a three-run homer in the rout of Chicago Friday and two RBIs in Saturday's triumph. He's conducting one of the great salary drives in the history of the game.

As big a role as McRae has played, the Royals wouldn't be near first without extras Pryor, May, Geronimo and Concepcion, middle relievers Mike Armstrong, Bill Castro and Don Hood and two rookies, Catcher Don Slaught and Outfielder Steve Hammond. General Manager John Schuerholz picked Hammond up for $100 from the Braves' organization, which gives you some idea of how the team was patched together. Howser has refused to make excuses; he only wonders why fate has been so unkind to the Royals. "Maybe we're in too good a shape," he says. "In the old days, guys would roll off the train 15 pounds overweight and start spring training."

Of the Royals' last 32 games, 20 will be at home, which is good because they're playing 72' ball on the Tartan Turf there this year. "The turf is like a security blanket for a hitter," says White Sox Batting Coach Charley Lau, who tutored many of the Royals as their batting coach in 1971-78. "You know you won't go 0 for 10 because sooner or later a ground ball will skip through. And where else can you find a team with speed like that?" The paradox is that the artificial turf, which is so good to the Royals, exacts its physical toll. "That's got to have something to do with all our injuries," says Howser.

The Royals do have spiritual ancestors in the 1949 New York Yankees. That club had 71 injuries. Joe DiMaggio missed 65 games, and no regular made it through the season unhurt. The Yanks still won the pennant by a game over the Red Sox and beat the Dodgers in five games in the World Series. **END**



Howser got his scrapes in a parking lot scrape.



South of the Border



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL EPPRIDGE

Minor league ball in Mexico is beer-induced sleep on 20-hour bus trips. It's also a wild kind of fun, a last chance for the unvanquished **by LEO W. BANKS**

We are leaving Juárez, Mexico under cover of darkness. It is just after 1 a.m. on May 10, the wind is blowing hard and the smell of bus exhaust is strong. Across the street from Cruz Blanca Stadium, where earlier that night the Triple A Juárez Indios split a doubleheader with the Chihuahua Dorados, the corner liquor store is doing good business. Juárez players are stockpiling beer, filling ice chests, paper bags and anything else they can carry for the long ride to Nuevo Laredo. It is expected to take 17 hours and the beer will help them sleep.

Nuevo Laredo is southeast of Juárez, about 600 miles away along the Texas border. The trip takes 11 hours on the Texas side, but in Mexico, where the bus travels because Mexican players cannot legally cross into the U.S., the only highway snakes south, southeast and east before turning north to Nuevo Laredo—which adds about 400 tough miles.

It isn't long before we realize that the estimate of 17 hours will fall short. Outside Juárez, the bus is stopped by the *Aduana*—Mexican Customs. It's a routine check. Coaches and players leave the bus to greet the officials, slap them on the back and talk baseball. A coach gives the customs men two new baseballs and they smile and rub them like third-base coaches after snagging a foul.

The baseballs are enough to keep the *Aduana* from boarding the bus, where they might find contraband—perhaps an American stereo or TV set that would bring a handsome profit in the interior. Small-time smuggling by some Mexican ballplayers has increased since the devaluation of the peso in February, which effectively cut salaries in half.

Along the way, there are two stops in small towns for food, both of which take about twice as long as expected. Near dawn a loud boom from underneath the bus echoes across the desert. A tire has blown. Add another hour. Time is such an enemy.

It is dark, but some players try to read. There is very little conversation. There are a few bunks in the back of the bus, but they are hard and smell bad. There is a bathroom back there, too, but despite the beer it gets little business. Reaching it means crawling over and under players whose legs, arms and torsos form a human maze in the narrow aisle.

The sound of beer cans being cracked open finally stops. There is a pace some veteran players follow—two six-packs in five hours. By Chihuahua, 225 miles south, they have passed out. Beer can be a very good friend if you're the kind of person who cannot sleep when you are sweating and sitting next to another man, also sweating, and you have your knees in your mouth and your head bobbing like a dashboard puppy with every jolt. Outside the window there is

continued

only the Chihuahuan desert, dazzling at sunrise and sunset, but in the dark it's like the moon and after a while you cannot focus and everything seems strange.

We are about 20 minutes outside Nuevo Laredo when one of the players says, "Pretend you are asleep, everyone."

We are approaching an immigration checkpoint and it's likely the bus will be boarded and our papers checked. This is also routine, but you can never tell. If the immigration inspectors are bored or feeling nasty or you don't look at them right there is no telling what might happen. Feigning sleep is considered the best defense.



In Reynosa, ball players dress in starkly furnished and vividly painted hotel rooms.

But this time it fails. An immigration official boards the bus. He is short, heavyset and attired in a light brown uniform and cap, like Ralph Kramden in *The Honeymooners*. It is very dark, but when he comes close you can see his face. He points his flashlight in your eyes and says, in English, "Papers."

He looks very bored, moving from player to player. He asks for papers from some, ignores others. After a few minutes he leaves, taking three non-Mexican players with him—Rich Gonzales from Sacramento, Miguel Alicea from Puerto Rico and Carlos Julio Perez from the Dominican Republic.

For Gonzales this is bad déjà vu. Two years ago, while playing Double A ball in Mexico, he was pulled from the team bus along with two other players. They were put in a small jail with no windows, no lights, no bathroom. They had to urinate against the wall. The authorities asked them for money, but they had none. It was a long stay—several hours—a bad stay, but the bus finally came back for them. "We were so scared," Gonzales recalls. "I almost quit and went home."

This time Gonzales and his teammates are taken to an adobe hut at the side of the road, where there are two other immigration officers. The first asks why the players have only tourist visas. You are not a tourist if you work in Mexico, the man says. The players explain that they are holding visas only until their working papers are processed. There have been some delays, they say, but their papers are coming.

The team's road manager makes a calm plea to set the players free. No dice. The three are being held.

The bus engine roars and we begin the short hop to Nuevo Laredo. We can see the lights up ahead. There is grumbling on the bus about leaving three players at the mercy of immigration, but there is logic here: Try to get them out right away and the price is prohibitive. Act only mildly concerned, let them cool their heels for a while and come back later, and the price will be lower.

The bus rumbles into Nuevo Laredo, 22 hours after leaving Juárez. Someone pays a visit to immigration headquarters to negotiate the terms of the players' release—1,000 pesos each, a total of $60. An hour later a cab rolls up to the checkpoint in the desert to pick up the jailed players. It is all very businesslike. Just don't ask for a receipt.

There are a lot of things one can say about baseball in the *Liga Mexicana*, and they are all true. It is a wretched, ridiculous and beautiful existence, all at the same time. It is a league full of tired arms, big bellies, slow bats and bad legs, a place where old ballplayers can feel good hammering one and watching it sail into the black night or listening to the soft thump of a sharp curve coming to rest in the catcher's mitt just behind the outside corner. For the Indios, who went on to win the North Zone playoffs and, last week, the Mexican "world series," things turned out fine this season.

But it is a league where hitters struggle to strap on plastic corsets to keep their stomachs in check, and where pitchers show more junk than a roadside taco vendor. Hitters know that on counts of 3 and 1 or 2 and 0 they are more likely to see a curve or a slider than to be challenged by a fastball. Expect a fastball when you least expect it, and even then it will arrive looking more like a changeup.

Prestige comes cheap. A Mexican rookie might earn the equivalent of $125 a week for five months of baseball, and he must make do on 325 pesos a day meal money, roughly equivalent to $7.25 in May and less than that now.

But that is good money to someone like Indios Pitcher Porfirio Gutierrez, 23, who at 19 left a $7-a-week job as a farm worker to play professional baseball.

Gutierrez' story is a *Grapes of Wrath*

saga about getting by. He tells of riding to the fields in the morning in a pickup truck with his father and a lot of other men, of long hours in the hot sun.

When he tells it there is no emotion or animation in his voice. He wonders why anyone would care to ask. But when you ask if he likes playing baseball better than stoop labor, a fire starts in his eyes and he comes alive and smiles and looks around at his teammates.

He looks at Miguel Alicea, whose English is better, and speaks very rapidly in Spanish.

"He says he likes baseball," Alicea translates. "The people in his town know he play baseball and when he go home they ask about, and the kids, too. Farming, too hard."

Then Gutierrez says something else.

"He signs autographs, too," Alicea says. "He likes that."

Not all the players have freshly come from the fields. The names of former big-leaguers clinging to baseball in Mexico could fill a roster: Diego Segui, Manny Sanguillen, José Peña, Byron McLaughlin, Andres Mora, Rennie Stennett, Ted Cox, George Scott, Mike Paul, Bobby Cuellar, Vicente Romo, George Brunet, Bert Campaneris, Ted Ford, Larvell Blanks, Bernie Carbo, Dick Drago.

These are men who have been to the penthouse of their profession but who now dress for games in hotels where the cockroaches are unionized.

But they can still look good on stat sheets. Paul, 37, was the lefthanded pitcher of the year last season. Scott, 38, hit .355 with 18 home runs and 81 runs batted in over a 132-game schedule. Mora, 27, led in home runs, with 23, and RBIs, 93, and repeated this year with 25 and 80. Willie Norwood, 31, no longer in the league, won the batting title in 1981 with a .365 average. Romo, 39, led in earned run average with 1.40, was 16–6 and threw seven shutouts, and until he went on the disabled list pitched for the Dodgers this summer. Luis Tiant, 41, had a 2.01 ERA this season—and 72 strikeouts in 89 innings—and was called up last month by the Angels.

And the money is decent for a former big-leaguer with a reputation—$3,000 to $7,000 a month. In the Mexican League no team payroll is supposed to exceed $45,000 a month and no single foreign player's salary can exceed $3,500 a month, but both rules are casually ignored. The money is paid either under the table or in bonuses and expenses.

They call this Triple A ball, but that's just a label. Despite the skill of the players, what occurs on the field is sometimes pure bush league. Outfielders treat cutoff men like lepers. Pitchers don't hold runners on. Signals are sent, but not received. With a man on second, two down, a third baseman fields a hot grounder and instead of going to first for the third out, engages the runner from second in a rundown.

You see it all here.

Fans throw chunks of cement not much smaller than headstones at the visiting team's outfielders. All three outfielders beat a hasty retreat to the bench. The plate umpire, waving and shouting, tells them to put batting helmets on and go back. Heck, he says, shrugging, there are only two innings left.

Players throw fistfuls of dirt on the opposing team's third base coach to distract him during a rally.

An infielder squats down to handle a medium-speed grounder, which goes right through his legs. Air ball. The infielder waves and smiles at the clapping crowd. The official scorer rules it a base hit. While all this is going on, a plump bat boy is entertaining the crowd by dancing to a Spanish version of *Jailhouse Rock*.

In 1971 my fastball was timed at 87 miles an hour. Today, I still throw 87—kilometers.

—José Peña

Juárez is playing the Aguascalientes Rieleros. The game is still going on, but Peña has already showered and dressed. He's wearing a dirty old shirt that isn't tucked in and jeans that don't fit. He's sitting in the corner of the locker room with his elbows on his knees, looking at the floor.

Every few minutes the crowd roars, and he gets up and stands on a bench to look at the field through a narrow opening between the wall and the ceiling. He started this game but lost his stuff in the middle innings.

Peña's is the prototypical Mexican League story. He spent a few years in the big leagues in the early '70s with the Reds and Dodgers and has pitched in nine towns in Mexico in 16 seasons. He had an arm operation in August 1979 and was the comeback player of the year in 1981.

I ask him about the arm. His English is good when he wants to talk, but not when the subject is uncomfortable. He shrugs and says nothing, then throws an imaginary pitch and makes a face as if it hurts. I am snapping his picture and he likes it.

Rotator cuff? Calcium deposits? He makes the same face and points to his elbow and says, "Nerves."

I ask him how old he is. He says 38. Baseball books say he'll be 40 in December. His face looks every day of it. This is a great face. A face that knows but chooses not to tell. A Mexican Charles Bronson. Deep crevices, tower-sniper eyes, gray flecks of beard. A face that could make Clint Eastwood uneasy.

Peña grew up in Juárez, leaving school after the sixth grade to sell papers, shine shoes and take pictures in cabarets and cantinas, where he could make $3 on a good night. He began playing profession-

continued



Nets protect Indios from the quasi-lethal missiles hurled by excitable fans.



The laugh is on ex-big-leaguer Sanguillen.

al baseball at 17 for $15 a week. He received his largest annual salary when the Dodgers paid him $32,000 10 years ago. He makes 90,000 pesos a month. Before the devaluation that was $3,400. Now it is less than half that.

I ask about his big league pitching career. He says his lifetime record is 9–4. *The Baseball Encyclopedia* says 7–4. He says he played six seasons. The encyclopedia says four. He says he saved somewhere around 24 or 26 games in the big leagues. The encyclopedia says five. He says he was National League Player of the Week once in 1970, Player of the Month for May 1970 and tied some record for consecutive strikeouts by a relief pitcher in 1971. This last might check out, but it might not. He has to think about things for a long time before he talks because there have been a lot of games and it's hard to remember.

Peña says his repertoire now consists of a fastball and a curve. He uses his hands to mimic the movement of his pitches. "Sometimes I throw a forkball just to show them, but the umpires here don't count pitches like that," he says. He means they don't call them strikes.

I ask him how he still gets batters out, and he says he throws from different angles to make his two pitches look like 20. He knows that in the stadium in Nuevo Laredo, if a righthanded pitcher drops his delivery just a little to a lefthanded batter, the ball will come out of every lightbulb on the centerfield scoreboard and will ride right by the hitter. He says he knows a lot of things like that. Then I ask him how much longer will he dress up in knickers and try to trick hitters wearing corsets?

"In my body, maybe two years. In my mind, maybe this was my last game. I'm bored."

He wants to emphasize that.

"It is the trips. When I quit, it will be because of the trips."

I was down in Coatzacoalcos, one of the worst towns in the league. It was after a game and the showers weren't working. It was raining out, so I went to the hotel courtyard, stripped down to my shorts and stood under the roof where the water was running off and took a shower in the rain.

—MIKE KEKICH

The ride from Nuevo Laredo to Reynosa is only five hours, a jaunt compared with the Juárez-to-Nuevo Laredo odyssey. Things go smoothly this time. No breakdowns. No immigration to deal with, no *Aduana*.

There is talk among the players that Reynosa is also one of the worst towns in the league—lunatic fans, no decent restaurants, bad bars and a hotel that rates at the top of the oh-my-God list. Back in Juárez, Kekich, a former New York Yankee, now living in El Paso and going to medical school in Juárez, said it was partly because of places like Reynosa and Coatzacoalcos that he had fled the Mexican League after the 1981 season.

The desk clerk in Reynosa hands out the first room keys. Players go upstairs and then come back with ashen looks. "No way I'm staying in that room," says Pitcher René Quiñonez. "You know what a room smells like when there's a rat in it? I'll sleep on the bus before I'll stay there." He's pointing his thumb to the ceiling and holding his nose.

More players trickle down the stairs with the same complaints. They slap their room keys on the counter and glare at the clerk, who takes a few steps back in case things get ugly. Rightfielder Greg Biagini appears with a streak of white paint on his shoulder. He says that the wall outside his room has just been painted, but there is no WET PAINT sign. He opened the door to his room just wide enough to smell something awesome and quickly closed it again. He is talking about throwing one of the stink bombs that he bought at Joey's Novelties in Laredo, Texas, into the room to soften it up before moving in.

The small lobby is packed with suitcases and impatient ballplayers. The hotel is being renovated and there are loud banging noises, and now and then construction workers wearing straw hats wander by. The road manager is hovering over the desk clerk, yelling. The clerk is juggling room keys trying to find everyone a room that doesn't stink.

Check-in drags on for two hours. The smell is tentatively identified as a combination of high humidity and wet paint. The rat report is unconfirmed. It is evident that some rooms have been sealed for a long time and that humidity has warped the floors, making it nearly impossible to open the doors. There is something ironic about struggling to get inside a room that smells as though its last inhabitant was a rodent.

I've given up dreaming about the big leagues. I hit .348 last year and I didn't even get a phone call. There are guys in the majors who hit .220 year after year



Third Baseman Terry Lee squeezes in between bottles to photograph Yolanda.

and they are still there. I'm a mercenary now. I'm in this for the money.

—GREG BIAGINI

It is getting close to 6 p.m. The players are in uniform and the bus is waiting. The park is only a few miles away, but the ride is long because the bus has to wind through narrow back streets. The neighborhood is crumbling. The houses are shacks. The noise of the bus draws a lot of attention. Kids run alongside it, grinning and shouting. People step from storefronts and wave. Men hoist their beers in a kind of salute. A player lets a stink bomb go on the bus. It smells almost as bad as the hotel rooms, and the players hang their heads out the windows and groan and make funny gasping noises. People on the street turn and stare. Some think the players are greeting them, and they smile and wave wildly.

Biagini, possessor of a vast array of weaponry from Joey's Novelties, takes this as some kind of signal and begins pelting the citizenry of Reynosa with small firecrackers that explode on contact with the sidewalk. Moments before, he had given the bat boy a piece of joke-shop gum that turns teeth blue. Now everyone is waiting for the bat boy to smile.

"Hey, Zandokan," Biagini shouts to the bat boy. "Heard any jokes lately?"

This is Biagini's fifth season in Mexico. He's 30. He has played in the Montreal and Seattle farm organizations, but not an inning in the big leagues. Things haven't been going well for Biagini. To begin with, someone in the dugout stole coffee from his thermos while he was on the field during the last home stand, and he wasn't pleased. He's going to load the coffee down with Ex-Lax to give the thief a little rush the next time.





For Peña, 16 seasons of Mexican ball.

At bat, he has been grinding himself into the dust, flailing away at slow breaking stuff. Tough to take for a guy who hit .348 last year and led the league in doubles, total bases and slugging percentage. For the first 10 days of this season, he was holed up in his North Carolina home sweating out a salary dispute. He finally agreed to a six-month contract, but when he arrived in Juárez and went to the front office to pick up his first check, he was told there wasn't enough money on hand yet. Biagini, the big-name star, was paid in cash from gate receipts.

On this bus ride, Biagini is out to promote mayhem. "What's so funny, Zandokan?" Biagini shouts. The bat boy still won't smile. He suspects something.

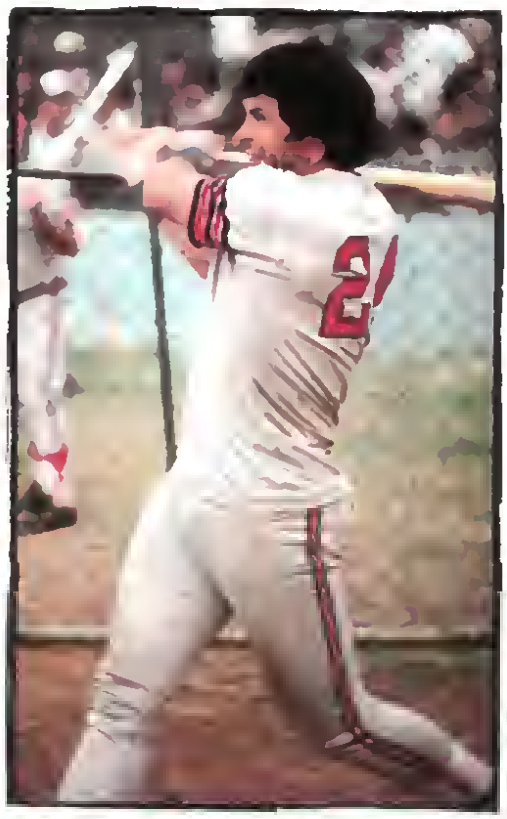
Biagini is very personable, charming really. Cowboy boots with his uniform number, 24, on them are his trademark. Even his fits of anger—in which he uses his bat to beat up inanimate objects like benches and water coolers—have a soft edge to them.

Baseball for Biagini is just a way to make money to put his wife through college, where she is studying sports medicine, and his daughter through private school. He is unique among American ballplayers in Mexico who haven't already played in the big leagues, he openly acknowledges that his career stops here, that for him there will be no major league contract.

Maybe that explains the firecrackers. Maybe that explains why somewhere in Mexico there is a bat boy with blue teeth.

But at the front of the bus, the Indios' third baseman, Terry Lee, is very worried. The team will make a trip to southern Mexico shortly to play in storied towns like Coatzacoalcos and Campeche. The stories are all bad food and bad water and four days in bed with amoebas rampaging through your biosystem.

Biagini has no more dreams of the majors.



"Man, I hear you can get it anywhere," Lee says. "You can just touch somebody and you'll get it. That blows me away."

"For Chrissakes, Terry. If you're going

continued



The quiet Garcia, the best pitcher in Mexico, hungers for just one start in the bigs.

to get it, you're going to get it and there's nothing you can do about it." This is the veteran Biagini talking.

Lee is from San Luis Obispo, Calif. He has shaggy hair and a beard, and he likes to party and hit home runs. A few days earlier, Lee was on the balcony of the hotel in Laredo, going from door to door, knocking and saying, "Hey man, is your shower working? Can I take a shower?"

Next door. Knock, knock. "You got any water, man? Can I use your shower?"

Lee was naked except for a small hotel towel around his middle. It was after a game. Close to midnight.

Another door. Knock, knock. "Any water?"

Nobody was willing to relinquish his shower, so Terry walked back to his room, muttering, "Do you believe this? I can't even take a shower." There were some empty beer cans around and a stereo headset on the bed. He went into the bathroom to look things over. The hot and cold water were turned all the way on, but no water. As he stood there, staring, trying to figure out how to make it work, the water, with no apparent provocation, came on. For some reason, he wasn't surprised.

But now the problem is the forthcoming trip south. Lee is obsessed with it. Something awful is going to happen, he's sure of it. The more he talks about it the wilder the stories get. And the war in El Salvador is on his mind.

"Is there still a war going on down there? I haven't seen a paper in a while."

Someone says yes.

"We're going to be right down there, you know, near El Salvador. I know it's down around there, in that area, isn't it?"

He isn't really talking to anyone. The bus is groaning along.

"I'll bet we'll be close enough to hear it. Man, that would be so trippy, if we were down there playing ball and we could hear the war."

At the Reynosa ball park it is dusk, but the stadium lights aren't on yet, and from a distance the baseball looks like an aspirin tablet. A smattering of fans watch the Indios take batting practice.

Diego Segui is warming up on the sideline. His fastball is popping. The weather is tropical and he's sweating heavily. Segui is a veteran of 24 seasons in professional baseball, 15 of them in the bigs. His record with Reynosa last season was 14–6. He is 45 and very strong. He shakes hands as though he were pulling you out of shark-infested waters.

We move to the runway at the back of the Reynosa dugout. A dark tunnel leads up to the locker room. I ask him about his arm. Can he still throw?

"My arm still strong," Segui says. "Sometimes I feel better now than when I start pitching."

"Could you still pitch in the big leagues?"

"Easy." He isn't bragging. He believes he can. "Pittsburgh say they give me try-out. But I no try out. I say, 'You want me, you know what I can do.' "

He went to the mound, struck out the first four Indio batters, had a no-hitter through six innings and gave up only six hits in a 15–4 complete-game victory.

The only thing I've always wanted since I've been here is to start a game and get one decision in the big leagues. That's all I want.

—Rafael Garcia

It is getting close to midnight. We are in the kitchen of Garcia's El Paso home. A few hours earlier he had pitched a three-hit shutout against Aguascalientes.

Garcia is leaning against the sink, his arms folded across his chest. *Get Smart* is on TV, but we're paying no attention. His two kids have been put to bed. Terri, his wife, is almost asleep on the couch.

One of the first things you notice about Garcia is that he isn't comfortable talking about himself. He was born in Los Angeles, attended the University of Nevada-Las Vegas and speaks English and Spanish equally well. But he gives short answers, fiddles with his cigarette between questions, averts his eyes.

"You were 20–5 last year, right?"

"That's right."

"And pitcher of the year?"

He nods.

"You finished 24 of 26 games and had an ERA of 1.83?"

Another nod.

If you check his stats and ask around you learn that Garcia has won more than 100 games and struck out more than 1,000 batters in his seven-year Mexican League career. Batters who hit against him talk with reverence about his hard slider. "The best in this league," says Andrés Mora. Mike Kekich believes he's the best pitcher in the league. "I would say 30 to 40 percent of the pitchers I saw in my years in the majors didn't have his strength and his stuff," says Kekich.

The major league record book has a few lines under Garcia's name. In 1972 and again in 1974 he pitched briefly for the San Diego Padres. His last pitch in the majors was to Dave Concepcion—a grand slam. "It was a fastball. I knew it was gone," he says.

There have been other flirtations with the major leagues. He went to spring training with the White Sox in 1978, but never pitched in a game. The Twins invited him to camp in 1981, but the Indios



Reynosa bat boy homs in to please crowd.

wanted $20,000 to let him go. That chased the Twins off. This past spring the California Angels inquired about having him try out, but that's as far as it went. Just another busted opportunity.

It's almost time to leave El Paso and return to Cruz Blanca Stadium to begin another road trip. These are hard hours, the ones after a night game and before the bus rolls again at around 1:30 or 2 a.m. It is dark and cool and quiet and you know it doesn't make sense, but you're sure the only people stirring at that foul hour are tired ballplayers, *maybe a little drunk, just trying to* make a living.

Garcia's car pulls away from the border checkpoint in Juarez and heads through the deserted residential streets of the city. Everything is still. We park across the street from the stadium and sit, cradling cold beers between our legs, watching the other players drive up.

There is music on the car radio, a mournful, wailing song in Spanish. "These Mexican songs ... there's something about them," Garcia says. "They are so emotional. They get to me. Sometimes I don't understand American songs."

I ask him how long he plans to stay in baseball.

"I don't know. A few more years maybe. But I've said that before."

He is 33 and has no illusions about the likelihood of a big league club gambling on an old pitcher from the boonies. He says if it's going to happen it has to be this year. "The chance will disappear *after this year.*" *He wants that start.* You can hear it in his voice.

"Any idea what you'll do after baseball?"

"I've always thought I would like to be a policeman or a probation officer, something like that," he says.

Players are gathering around the bus now. Their gear is lined up on the sidewalk. From a distance you can see two shadowy figures, a player and his girl, saying goodby under a streetlight, embracing, and then Garcia says:

"I'm thankful for what I have. When I was growing up we didn't have very much. We had to get our shoes from Goodwill, and even then we had to steal them. I want my kids to have it better. That's why I do it, so my kids will look back when they are grown and say, 'Dad, we was all right.' "

Garcia and Biagini are sitting in a restaurant in a small Mexican town. It will be many hours on the bus before this trip is over. The restaurant is overwhelmed by the rush of players, and breakfast will be a two-hour ordeal. At the next table, a young player orders his bacon folded. He thinks it shrinks less if it's folded.

Garcia picks up the local paper and turns to the page reporting major league baseball.

"Barojas got another save last night," he says.

Biagini looks up. "Did you hear Garagiola *talking about Barojas and Escárrega* on the Game of the Week?"

Salomé Barojas had been a Mexican League star for six seasons before going up to the White Sox this spring. Ernesto Escárrega had also gone from the *Liga* to the Sox.

Biagini starts imitating Joe Garagiola. " 'These guys are really something. They get behind 2 and 0 and 3 and 1 and they come at you from everywhere with breaking stuff. Where do they find these guys?' "

This Garagiola thing is something Biagini wants to talk about.

"I was amazed. Where does he think they find them?"

He imitates Garagiola again. " 'Boy, they are really beating the hushes down there now.' "

Biagini shakes his head and says, "Yeah, right, Joe."

Garcia is still looking at his paper. He doesn't seem to be listening. END

A relief bussie, needed to help out on the long road trips, beds down in the baggage compartment.





Paving The Way For $$$

By taking a roundabout route Tom Cousineau landed a big-money contract with the Cleveland Browns, who are hoping he can cement their defense

by **RICK TELANDER**

Imagine you're a linebacker—25 years old, curly-haired, single, built along the lines of a lean Arnold Schwarzenegger—and you've just signed what may be the biggest contract in NFL history: $1 million up front, $500,000 per year for five years to play for the Cleveland Browns. You've purchased a $295,000, three-story, eight-bedroom, 78-year-old house on Lake Erie and the 120-foot-long driveway needs repaving. The question is: Do you repave it yourself?

If you're Tom Cousineau you do. Ankle-deep in cement, Cousineau wields a rake while his father, Tom Sr., and three helpers shovel and trowel. Wouldn't a man who just spent three years as the *highest-paid player in Canadian Football* League history, who once bought a $25,000 Pantera sports car and then grew so disgusted with it after an hour's use that he sold it and got back his money plus a '55 Chevy, prefer to hire somebody for a job like this?

"Sure," says Cousineau, wiping away the sweat that has trickled past his rolled-up bandana and down his cheek. "But I don't mind working. And I want this done right. Plus it's a good way for Dad and I to spend some time together."

Ah yes, Dad—another specimen. Fifty years old, 6′ 2″ and 220 pounds of Nautilus-trained muscle, Tom Sr. is the head football coach at Pompano (Fla.) High School and a former Marine heavyweight wrestler. Occasionally Dad drops his shovel and throws a hammerlock on his son, and the two men grapple through the muck in play. Tom Sr. played college football at Indiana, tried out for but nev-



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TOMSIC

er made the pros. Like his son, he wears a bandana around his head. Bandanas, seemingly, are a Cousineau family hallmark—Tom Jr. even wears one under his helmet during games.

The whole driveway scene, loaded as it is with work-ethic integrity, should make Cleveland owner Art Modell, a conservative man who nevertheless opened up the bank for Cousineau, rest easier. "I debated long and hard with myself before making the deal," says Modell. "I know that if Cousineau performs, nobody will care what I signed him for. If he doesn't, it'll be Modell's biggest boner ever."

Right now the Browns believe Cousineau is worth the extravagant price. Two years ago the team seemed on the verge of greatness, finishing the 1980 season with an 11–5 record and missing a shot at the Super Bowl by a single play. Down 14–12 to Oakland in an AFC divisional playoff game, the Browns had the ball second-and-nine on the Raiders' 13-yard line with 49 seconds left. They could have kicked a field goal and won. Instead, Quarterback Brian Sipe underthrew Tight End Ozzie Newsome in the end zone and Raider Safety Mike Davis intercepted. Oakland ran out the clock and went on to win the Super Bowl.

Despite the frustrating finish, that 1980 season seemed to portend a bright future for Cleveland. Five Browns were named to the Pro Bowl. Sipe was picked Most Valuable Player in the NFL. But last season the Browns staggered to a 5–11 record. The offense that had averaged 22.3 points a game in 1980, averaged just 17.2 in '81. The Browns' scoring efficiency from within opponents' 25-yard line dropped from 82% to 62%.

But the inside feeling was that the defense had failed most. Committed to a 3-4 alignment that demands superior linebacker play, the Browns were getting by with average talent. "We'd been dodging the bullet for three years," admits Coach Sam Rutigliano. "We were aware of our problems—that we hadn't been drafting well defensively and that we weren't getting big plays from the defensive line and linebackers. A team's turnover ratio is the most important factor in pro football. We were minus 18 in turnovers last year [53 lost balls to 35 take-aways], last in the whole league."

To shake things up Rutigliano traded or waived five players during the off-season, including starting Defensive End Lyle Alzado and starting Inside Linebacker Robert L. Jackson. Looking for "impact players of the Lawrence Taylor-Ronnie Lott type," Rutigliano drafted 6′ 4″, 235-pound USC Linebacker Chip Banks in the first round of the 1982 draft. And Modell emptied his wallet for free-agent Cousineau.

"By impact player, I mean a demonstrative person with the hallmark of talent, somebody who makes everybody around him play better," says Rutig-



Tom Sr. (right) is twice as old as Tom Jr. but exactly like his only son in most regards.

continued

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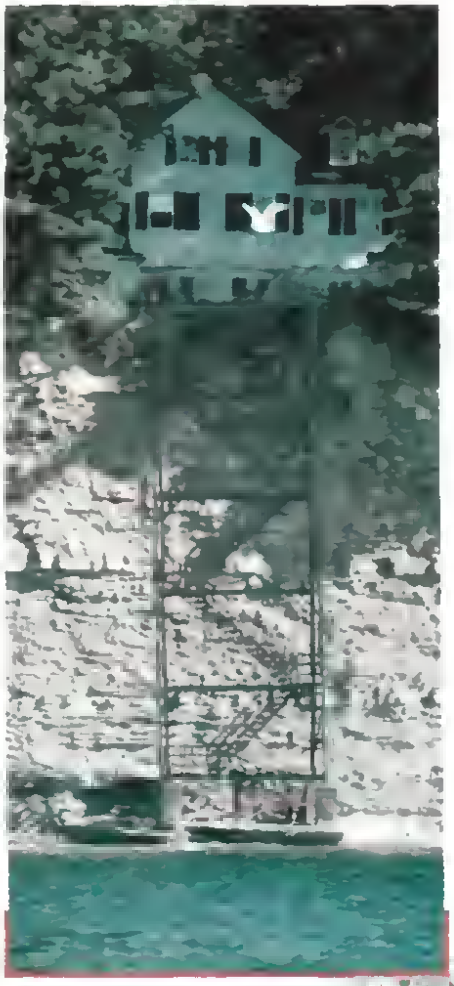
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liano. "Cousineau is that kind of player."

After two games—a 17–16 win over Detroit and last week's last minute 26–23 defeat of the Los Angeles Rams—Rutigliano was even more certain of his assessment. "Tom's got a lot to learn about our system, but he makes our whole defense into an impact defense. He can come in and BOOM! turn the games around. He's going to create a whole lot of things for us."

"On paper we might have the best linebacker group in the NFL," says Modell of his starting four, which now consists of Cousineau and eight-year veteran Dick Ambrose inside and Banks and five-year veteran Clay Matthews on the outside. "Of course," Modell continues, "in the NFL you don't play on paper."

Nor do you in the CFL, where last season Cousineau played for the talent-laden and dismal Montreal Alouettes. Though the Als boasted a number of highly paid expatriate U.S. stars—in addition to Cousineau, whose three-year contract was reportedly worth $850,000, there were Vince Ferragamo, James Scott, Billy (White Shoes) Johnson and David Overstreet—they won only three of 16 games. The main problem was the chaotic influence on the team of madcap owner Nelson Skalbania, but contributing to it was the fact that Cousineau played in only four games because he dislocated his left elbow early in the year (the Als were 12–3–1 and 8–8 in his first two seasons in Montreal).

Only money could have brought Cousineau to Canada in the first place. In 1979 the Buffalo Bills chose him as the first player in the first round of the NFL draft. Having grown up in the Cleveland area and played at Ohio State, Cousineau was eager to play in the NFL, but his agent, Jimmy Walsh, encouraged him to take a fatter contract offered by the Alouettes.

At first Cousineau took heat in the CFL because of his paychecks. One teammate, who wore Cousineau's college number, 36, kiddingly offered to sell it to him for $10,000. "Tom had only been in uniform a week or so when he started for us in our third game of the season," recalls Joe Scannella, then the Montreal coach and now an assistant with Cleveland. "The next week at Hamilton, on a coverage, Tom hit a retaining wall very

Cousineau is high on Cleveland, where his eight-bedroom house overlooks Lake Erie.



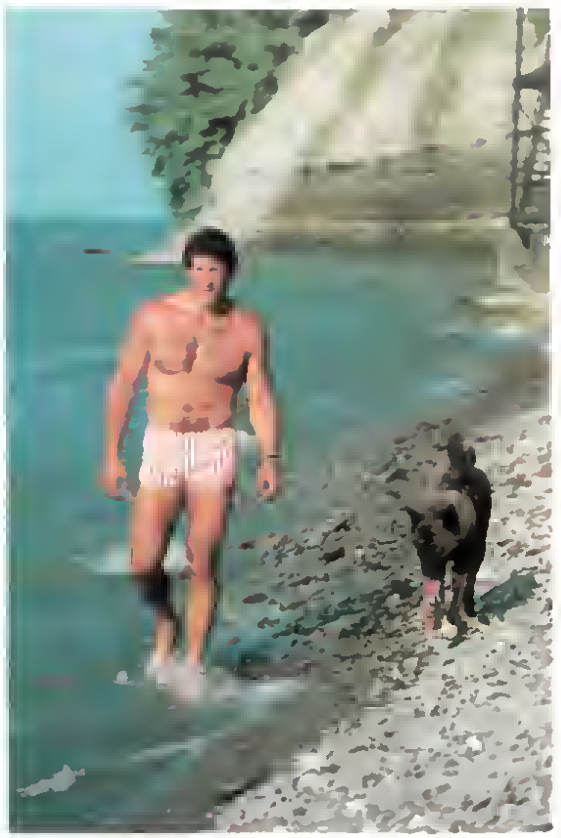
hard. He stunned himself, and while he was down, all the people cheered. That's how he entered the CFL."

But soon the two-time Ohio State All-America whom Woody Hayes once called "the best conditioned athlete I ever coached," began to play up to his salary. Cousineau is a fearless tackler who thrilled and baffled Hayes by attacking runners with a smile on his face. He has the lateral moves and ball-hawking instincts of a defensive back, yet is as strong as a nose-guard from years of pumping iron. Starting at first on the outside and then moving to middle linebacker, Cousineau was named the Alouettes' rookie of the year and then was picked as the outstanding defensive player in the 1979 Grey Cup. In 1980 he was voted the best defensive player in the CFL's Eastern Division.

"I think I adjusted pretty well to the Canadian game," says Cousineau. "The biggest difference is that the game there is much faster than here. The field is wider and there are only three downs, so you don't have ball control offenses. The emphasis is on the big play. For linebackers it's very hard to see tendencies. You have to expect the unexpected and just react."

Cousineau showed how well he reacts in two controlled scrimmages against the Detroit Lions earlier this month. In a 7-on-7 drill he had two interceptions, in the full-team scrimmage he had another interception and a deflection that led to a pick-off by Cornerback Ron Bolton. "Cousineau's pass defense instincts are superb," raved Detroit Quarterback Gary Danielson later. "Those years in Canada have benefited him more than people realize."

When Scannella joined the Browns' staff last February he told Modell bluntly, "Cousineau is the best linebacker in Canada." But getting Cousineau to sign with the Browns wasn't going to be an easy matter. In accordance with the NFL's collective bargaining agreement, Cousineau would be able to enter the NFL in 1982 as a free agent, subject only to a right of first refusal by the team that had originally drafted him, the Buffalo Bills. This meant that whatever team signed Cousineau wouldn't have to pay any compensation. The Bills, however, had made it clear they wouldn't let Cousineau get away twice. "If Tom Cousineau plays in the NFL, he will play in Buffalo," said Bills Coach Chuck Knox on numerous occasions. "We're going to sign Tom Cousineau," declared owner Ralph Wilson. "We will match any offer."



Cousineau and his Akita, Kimo, stroll the beach out back.

Then the Houston Oilers came up with a reported five-year, $3.5 million offer for Cousineau. Buffalo, and the rest of the NFL, gagged. Word had it Houston was talking oil wells up front. Even Modell, who would end up acquiring that very contract, called the numbers "astonishing." But the Browns were determined, and after the Bills matched Houston's offer, Cleveland gave Buffalo three future draft choices, one a first, for Cousineau. Though thrilled to have Cousineau aboard, Modell is defensive about the actual bidding process. "No thinking NFL man can fault me for what happened," he says. "My middle name's not Steinbrenner. I believe in the NFL. It was Houston that set the value; I want to make that clear." For his part Rutigliano isn't worried that Cousineau's huge salary will be a problem for the Browns' players "because Tom doesn't wear it on his lapel." Says Guard Joe DeLamielleure, "We're professionals and we all realize that Tom was in the right place at the right time."

For Cousineau the signing last April was the welcome culmination of what was essentially a three-year holdout to wring money from the NFL. Several times during his Montreal years Cousineau lost faith in the plan and called Walsh, screaming at him for sending him into pointless exile. Even Walsh, a tough cookie whose big client is Joe Namath, began to doubt the one-league-against-the-other strategy. "I remember the first time I saw Tom at the airport after he'd joined Montreal," says Walsh. "He looked like he'd lost about 20 pounds. He didn't look good at all. I thought, 'My God, what have I done?' "

But everything is fine now. When Walsh was explaining the benefits for Cousineau of signing with a warm-weather team like Miami, San Francisco or Houston, Cousineau kept bringing up Cleveland. "Finally it dawned on me," says Walsh. "This guy really wants to play in Cleveland."

Indeed, Cousineau had been searching for a home in Cleveland for a year and a half before he bought the elegant old house in suburban Lakewood this spring. Cleveland is where he went to high school, where his friends are. "For the last three years I've felt rootless," he says. "I've never owned a house because I never knew where I was going to be. After each season I'd just travel around, staying for two weeks at a time at friends' places, sleeping on couches and floors. But it's been worth it. If I'd signed with Buffalo in the beginning, for what they offered me, I'd be a hitter man today."

The day before the Browns' training

continued

camp opened, Cousineau had a friend bring him a record album entitled *Ohio State—Saturday Afternoon at Columbus*. Cousineau needed it so he could learn the words to his college fight song; he suspected the Browns veterans were going to ask him to sing it at camp. Not many free agents would go to such measures to appease teammates. "I feel very fortunate to be playing a kids' game and getting paid for it," he says. "But it doesn't mean the world owes me a living. It doesn't mean I don't have to try to be a decent human being." Eventually Cousineau sang his song with such gusto for the Cleveland vets that they rated his performance the best of the preseason.

Mercurial by nature, Cousineau can be as flamboyant in play as he is dedicated in work. Everybody who knows him has a story about something exceedingly wild he has done, from close calls while riding a big motorcycle to jumping out of a jet boat at 70 mph to find out what it feels like to skip over water. But Cousineau is an intelligent man—he had a B average and graduated on time from Ohio State with a degree in marketing—and he knows his excesses are only the churnings of a restless soul.

"My mind changes so fast," he says. "Some days I think maybe I want to go to law school, and other days I want to be a physical therapist or learn how to fly and open my own charter service. I've even got a name for it: 'Cousair.' A few months ago I had hair down to my shoulders. Basically, I'm aware that what I do, play football, isn't that important. I'm in entertainment." About craziness, he points out that diving 50 feet from a lighthouse into Lake Erie in midwinter—which he has done and been labeled "crazy" for doing—may well be saner than sticking one's head into the vortex of a Pittsburgh off-tackle blast.

Playing in Canada, Cousineau says, helped him gain perspective. A superstar at Ohio State, he found he was just another "yard dog" in Montreal, a city that prefers hockey, baseball and even soccer to football. Occasionally the Alouettes would get locked out of their stadium before practices. At other times they would get locked in. "At Ohio State I could do anything I wanted," says Cousineau, "and that can be dangerous. In Canada I learned about the other side, about patience and humility. There are no superstars in the CFL. I think we've had more spectators at our minicamps here in Cleveland than we had at some of our games in Montreal."

But the biggest influence on Cousineau has been his father, a man with whom he has a relationship knotted with pride and competitiveness. The bonds are unmistakable. Tom Sr. has a tattoo of an eagle on his left calf; Tom Jr. has a tattoo of the sun and a shark on his right calf. Tom Jr. dates 25-year-old women, Tom Sr., divorced for two years, recently married one.

When Tom Jr. was younger, he and his father wrestled all the time at home. In matches that often turned into wars, they overturned plants, demolished furniture, upset Mrs. Cousineau and daughter Kim no end. Once Tom Jr. split his head open on the mantel and started to bleed heavily, but Tom Sr. wouldn't relinquish his grip. Another time Tom Jr. hit his father "with a standing switch that tore his shoulder out." Tom Sr. had to undergo surgery. These days there is a truce between the two. "Dad's my best friend," says Tom Jr. with conviction.

Tom Sr. did everything he could to make sure that his son would grow up big and strong and skilled at football. He put weights in the family garage. He lectured on linebacker technique. He even moved the family from Indianapolis to suburban Cleveland so young Tom could benefit from the pervasive football atmosphere in Ohio.

"One thing about Tom is that he's always been willing to pay the price," says his father. "In high school people said he wasn't fast enough, so after his junior year he spent hours every day sprinting and practicing starts. That one summer he brought his 40-yard time down from 5.0 to 4.7, just from working at it. At



Ram Running Back Wendell Tyler gives Cousineau a breathtaking welcome to the NFL.

times it even worried me—how dedicated he was.

"When he was little, I had a very accurate growth chart that predicted he'd be 6' 3", 195 pounds. He's 6' 3", but that extra 35 pounds is from work."

Actually, Cousineau weighs several pounds less than 230. Because of his muscle definition people always guess that he's bigger than he is. When he weighed in for the first time after signing with the Browns, he tipped the scales at a mere 222 pounds. "Ha, ha!" Cousineau cried. "It's too late now."

On July 30 Cousineau arrived at the Browns' training camp in his 1975 white Sting Ray convertible, top down. Bronzed, sleek, clad in khaki shorts, undershirt, sunglasses and neck bandana, he looked like a Hollywood muscleman in search of the Tarzan tryouts. He found work soon enough.

On the runback of his interception in the Lions' scrimmage on Aug. 7, he was flattened and dazed by 260-pound Tackle Keith Dorney. The following Monday he was carted off the practice field with his lower right leg encased in ice. Sprained right ankle. During practice two days later he was speared in a pileup. Four stitches in his chin.

But in Cousineau's first NFL game, on Aug. 14 at the Silverdome against Detroit, he avoided injury if not more blows. Notably, he was steamrolled on a first-half screen pass and chopped down on a third-quarter reverse—by Quarterback Danielson, no less. He did make some stellar plays, however, including a critical third-and-one sideline stop of Running Back Horace King. And after the game Rutigliano was smiling. "Yes, Cousineau's still worth the money," he said. "I had to sell my house and give up two of my kids, but he's worth it."

Cousineau himself was reflective. "I'm not really sure of my assignments yet, and that's frustrating. But it will come. It won't be a lark, but I think I can excel in this league." Then he asked, "Who blocked me on that screen? A tackle? Man, that was some play. Who blocked me on that reverse? No! A quarterback?" Cousineau hung his head. "Thanks," he said, "you've ruined my day."

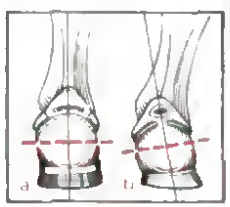
A moment later he looked up, smiling shyly. Life, obviously, would go on. "You know something," he said. "I'm happy, glad, proud, thrilled, you name it, to be in the NFL." Don't forget rich. **END**

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Finally earning his stripes

The Tigers' Lance Parrish is catching on to the demands of his position

by Franz Lidz

Sparky Anderson, the manager of the Tigers, is ruminating on greatness. He has been a major league skipper for 13 years—nine with Cincinnati, the last four with Detroit—and he thinks he has a pretty good handle on the subject. Anderson has managed good players, very good players and at least two who qualify as great—Pete Rose and Johnny Bench. Now he's discussing the merits of Lance Parrish, the Tigers' two-time All-Star catcher.

Parrish, 26, is big (6′ 3″, 210 pounds), broad and muscular, and has tremendous athletic talent. He's batting .302, with 24 homers, and may have the strongest throwing arm of any catcher in baseball. He threw out a record three would-be base stealers in this year's All-Star Game.

"Lance is a very quiet boy," says Anderson. "God couldn't give more tools to anybody who plays. He's got the potential to be the greatest catcher in the history of Detroit. I think he's already the best in the American League. He's a star, but far from great."

Anderson measures greatness among catchers by a single standard—Bench. "You can't become a junior before you're a freshman," says Anderson. "A player who's a star for three or four years, he's a student. Two more years and he's doing graduate work. A few more and he's got his doctorate." Bench graduated *summa cum laude*. And Parrish? "No man," says Anderson, "*no man* should be compared to Johnny Bench. You're not *great* until every fan in the game knows you: the seventh-grader in Peoria and the housewife in Montana." Anderson says Parrish still has a lot to learn. "A *lot*," he says.

Parrish has had his tests in Detroit. He's a sandy-haired, tanned, easygoing Southern Californian who has been transplanted to a gray, gritty Midwestern industrial city. He's the highest paid team sports figure in Detroit, making $550,000 a year in a city where unemployment is 14% and many are getting $120 a week on the dole. Fans have booed him when the team has lost.

Parrish is the latest in a long line of superb Tiger catchers, one that includes Mickey Cochrane and Bill Freehan. But in his first two full seasons as Detroit's regular catcher, he led or co-led the majors in passed balls and looked more like Oscar Stanage, the Tiger catcher who in 1911 committed a modern-record 41 errors. "I've been compared to this guy and that guy ever since I came into pro ball," says Parrish, "but the only person I compare myself with is me."

He was a hotly recruited high school football player at Walnut High near Diamond Bar, Calif., which itself is just east of L.A. His father, a deputy sheriff, had moved the family there from the coal country of western Pennsylvania when Lance was six. In his senior year Parrish attended a workout hosted by the Angels at Anaheim Stadium. As superstitious as the next ballplayer, Parrish found a harbinger in a pile of dirty clubhouse laundry. The only item that caught Parrish's eye was Mickey Lolich's Tiger jersey. Several days later he was Detroit's No. 1 pick in the amateur draft.

Parrish insists on wearing No. 13 on his uniform shirt. It's also in his contract. He's been wearing 13 since Little League. "I think I hit better on Friday the 13th," he says. "One Friday the 13th in high school I intercepted three passes and kicked a school-record punt."

The Tigers broke him in at Bristol (Va.) in the Appalachian League as a third baseman, a position he'd played only a few times. It didn't work out; in 68 games he made 20 errors. He returned to catching the following season at Lakeland in the Florida State League. There the Tigers tried to convert him into a switch hitter. That didn't last long, either. The experiment was dropped at the end of the year. Through 1976, he'd put together some impeccably modest credentials; in three minor league seasons he'd never hit above .221. He wasn't a patient hitter. The line on him was that he was a sucker for an outside curve.

But in 1977 he batted .279 and had 25 homers for Evansville in the American

continued

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Association, and his manager, Les Moss, touted him as the next—you guessed it—Johnny Bench. For his part Parrish insists that the comparisons with Bench haven't bothered him. "I modeled my catching after him as a teen-ager," he says. He even catches one-handed like Bench, keeping his throwing hand behind his right leg.

Parrish married Arlyne Nolan after the '78 season, while playing winter ball in Puerto Rico. She's a former Miss Diamond Bar, Miss Hollywood, Miss Southern California and first runner-up Miss California. It so happened that she'd roomed at his parents' home during her senior year in high school. "It was nice to find out the best-looking girl in school was going to stay at your house," says Parrish, who is 21 months her junior. But they didn't date seriously until four years ago. Their wedding banquet was hamburgers at a Dairy Queen in the Virgin Islands.

Parrish came up to the majors for the end of the '77 season. He was a hitting man's catcher, not a thinking man's. Behind the plate, he'd sit back on his heels and wait passively for the ball to come to him. "All the time he was catching, he was just thinking about hitting," says Pitcher Milt Wilcox. Parrish threw out runners (he was second in the league in assists in '79) and hit .276 and .286 in '79 and '80, respectively, but he still wasn't thinking much about calling pitches.

"A catcher like Bench was in total control of the game," Anderson says. "He knew what to call when a certain pitcher got in trouble, how that pitcher reacted when he got ahead or behind, what he could get over in a jam. A catcher just doesn't put down his fingers and wait for a pitch."

Anderson thought so little of Parrish's thoughtlessness that last year he unburdened him of the task of calling pitches and, with the help of Pitching Coach Roger Craig, called them himself from the dugout. The team ERA in 1980 had been 4.25. "Either we had nine horrible pitchers," says Anderson, "or something was going wrong." Anderson believed that that something was Parrish.

"I felt like a dead mass behind the plate after that," Parrish says. "It took me out of the ball game." Opposing batters often made comments. "I tried to block them out," he says

"I wanted to teach him a lesson," says Anderson. The lesson ended after Freehan, who coaches Tiger catchers in spring training, intervened on Parrish's behalf. Freehan felt that Parrish's progress was being impeded.

"If it was meant as a lesson," says Parrish, "I didn't learn much. I've been calling pitches all this year and our team ERA is one of the lowest in the league." Anderson laughs at Parrish's remarks, and says that they just prove his point.

Parrish hit .224 with 10 homers in last year's short season and is now having his best year. And he's selecting pitches better, too, whether he's behind the plate or alongside it. He no longer lunges for what Tiger Batting Coach Gates Brown calls "55-foot curves"—deliveries that swerve and bounce five feet in front of the plate. "Last year when Lance would get behind on a 1–2 count, you knew he'd find some way to strike out," says Brown.

Parrish's catching has improved, too. He's snapping off throws to first more often and guarding the plate more aggressively. "He still doesn't do those things as well as he should," Wilcox says, "but he's improved. And he's started coming out to the mound to talk to pitchers."

Parrish not only talks to pitchers, but he also now stands up to Anderson. In spring training they disagreed on weightlifting. Parrish was bench-pressing 425 pounds. Anderson didn't want him bench-pressing anything. Parrish argued and lost, but he made his point. He now does his lifting during the off-season.

Early this month, after the Tigers had fallen from first place in May to near the bottom of the AL East, Parrish became the first Tiger to imply that Anderson was part of the problem. Parrish told the press that the team lacked motivation. Anderson shot back: "Motivation is like 'communication.' I don't really understand what it means. Does it mean I should get up and dance?"

"It's his job to figure that out," said Parrish.

Anderson *has* figured out what Parrish needs to do. "I'm waiting for the day he walks through my door and says, 'Here's my game plan, this is how I'm going to take this pitcher through this ball game,'" says Anderson. *Johnny* did. "Lance may never walk through that door. I'll never tell him to. When that day comes, though, he's graduated. But he's got to do it for 10 years before it's greatness."

If that happens, it will be the benchmark of Parrish's career.

THE WEEK

(Aug. 16-22)

by HERM WEISKOPF

NL EAST Keith Hernandez of St Louis (4–2) was having trouble hitting the ball, so he hit the bottle. "I drank two bottles of wine and stayed up till 5 a.m. watching old movies," Hernandez explained. "It's a once-a-year thing for me." Since swigging, Hernandez has been stroking wine—make that *fine*—drives. With Hernandez batting .348 and Lonnie Smith .400, the Cardinals won three of five one-run games and clung to first place.

Victories were hard to come by for the Phillies (3–3). They were on the verge of being blanked for the second day in a row in Houston when ninth-inning hits by Mike Schmidt, Garry Maddox and George Vukovich knotted the score at 3–3. Philly won 5–3 in the 15th as Gary Matthews and Bo Diaz drove in runs. Overall, Maddox had 11 RBIs. Dick Ruthven had to survive four rain delays totaling two hours and 54 minutes before beating Cincinnati 9–2.

Nine RBIs by Andre Dawson and seven by Gary Carter helped Montreal (4–3). But Ray Burris dropped to 0–11 as a starter (he's 4–2 as a reliever) when he lost to Houston 5–3.

Pitching carried the Pirates (4–2), who gave up only one run in each of four games. Rick Rhoden's two-hitter took care of the Giants 4–1, and Mike Easler's eighth-inning homer knocked off the Dodgers 2–1. Easler again scored the winning run during Sunday's 4–3 triumph over Los Angeles after he had singled in the bottom of the 14th.

Three extra-inning losses put the Mets (0–6) in the cellar. Errors led to a pair of defeats, one miscue coming on what should have been the final out of a 1–0 victory in Atlanta. Following that 10th-inning error, Pat Zachry issued a bases-loaded walk and then kicked his glove from the mound to third base as Jerry Royster trotted home with the run that made the Braves 2–1 winners.

Ferguson Jenkins' 272nd win, 8–2 over the Dodgers, pulled the Cubs (3–3) up to fifth place. Bill Buckner, who batted .500, had four hits in that contest.

ST.L 71–52 PHIL 68–54 MONT 65–58
PITT 64–59 CHI 54–72 NY 50–72

NL WEST Optimism was rampant, even among the Reds (5–2). Mario Soto beat the Mets 9–2 on a four-hitter and 15 strikeouts. Dave Concepcion hit .433, Duane Walker .467 and Larry Bittner .500. Cesar Cedeño became the 10th player in major league history to steal 500 bases. And when Ron Oester saw New York Third Baseman Hubie Brooks charging in, he

BALL PARK FIGURES

Here, with BA, HRs, RBIs or W-L and ERA, is an all-star team of players from the Dominican Republic (pop. 5.7 million), a country slightly larger in size than Maryland:

1B	Cesar Cedeño, Cin	.288	7	49
2B	Damaso Garcia, Tor	.317	4	37
SS	Rafael Ramirez, Atl	.262	4	27
3B	Manny Castillo, Sea	.272	0	38
OF	Pedro Guerrero, LA	.296	25	79
OF	Rufino Linares, Atl	.306	2	17
OF	Miguel Dilone, Clev	.227	3	21
C	Tony Peña, Pitt	.297	8	51
P	Mario Soto, Cin	10–9		2.76
P	Joaquin Andujar, St.L	9–10		2.78

disdained the bunt sign and slugged a two-run homer in the 10th for a 3–1 victory.

Atlanta (4–3) won a game even though its scheduled starting pitcher didn't show up until after game time. Seems that Pascual Perez, who had just that afternoon received his driver's license, couldn't find his way to the ball park. Nor could Perez, a Dominican who speaks little English, understand the directions he got. What should have been a 20-minute ride became a three-hour-and-20-minute excursion on I-285. Phil Niekro started in Perez' place and stopped Montreal 5–4, the first of four straight wins for Atlanta, which had lost 19 of 21. Reliever Gene Garber saved three of those games, including Sunday's 10–9 defeat of the Mets in which the Braves came from behind four times.

Jerry Reuss of first-place Los Angeles (3–3) was late for *his* start in Chicago—sort of—because the Wednesday game couldn't begin until after the finish of Tuesday's contest, which had been halted by darkness at 1–1 after 17 innings. The Dodgers used all 25 players in that game, including Fernando Valenzuela in both rightfield and leftfield. Reuss took the mound in the 18th and won 2–1 when Steve Sax doubled, moved up on a wild pitch and scored on a sacrifice fly in the top of the 21st. Reuss then started the regularly scheduled game, went five innings and won 7–4. Valenzuela muzzled Pittsburgh 1–0 two days later on two singles.

Big innings buoyed the Giants (2–4), whose nine-run fifth toppled the Pirates 16–9. San Francisco also jarred St. Louis, overcoming a seventh-inning 7–0 deficit and pulling out an 8–7 victory. Jack Clark batted .471 and Jeff Leonard had three homers and 11 RBIs.

Tim Lollar of the Padres (2–4), whose slider had flattened out, went to work on his curve and used it to stop the Cubs 2–0. Houston (5–3) was led by Vern Ruhle, who blanked Philadelphia 2–0, and Dickie Thon, who may not be as animated as *Tron* but has hit in 28 of 30 games. Nolan Ryan won for the eighth time in his last nine decisions, beating Montreal 5–3 on a five-hitter.

LA 69–56 ATL 67–56 SD 65–59
SF 64–61 HOUS 57–66 CIN 47–77

AL EAST

Some odd things happened in Toronto. The Blue Jays (2–4) climbed out of the basement for a few hours, and a game was delayed five minutes because of sunlight. By beating Cleveland 2–1, Toronto moved up to sixth. It was the latest point in any of their six seasons that the Jays had been so high in the standings. But a doubleheader loss to the Indians the next day put the Jays back in last place. It was during the first of those two games that First Baseman Willie Upshaw dropped a routine throw because the sun got in his eyes. Unlike every other major league park, home plate at Exhibition Stadium is in the southwest, rather than the northwest, corner of the diamond. It was after Upshaw's error that time was called until the sun's glare was reduced. Cleveland (4–2) took that twin bill 6–5 and 9–5. Andre Thornton's homer in the ninth settling the opener. Rick Manning's .571 hitting and two wins by Rick Sutcliffe (11–4) also perked up the Indians.

Rollie Fingers' sore right elbow had the Brewers (4–2) justifiably worried. But nine days' rest and two cortisone shots restored Fingers to good health and enabled him to notch his 28th save.

The Orioles (4–3), however, were still concerned about the tendinitis in Scott McGregor's left shoulder. McGregor lasted only 12 pitches during a 9–3 loss to Minnesota, giving up hits to all five men he faced.

Troubles also hounded the Red Sox (3–4). Jim Rice reinjured his back. Dennis Eckersley got a muscle spasm in his pitching arm when he threw a sidearm breaking ball. And Bob Ojeda went on the disabled list after pulling a muscle in his left leg when he slipped in the shower. After an all-night flight from Boston to California, the Sox suffered a 10–2 drubbing at the hands of old friend Luis Tiant.

Chet Lemon homered twice and drove in all the Tiger runs as Detroit (4–3) beat Seattle 3–2. Lemon hit another dinger in a 3–1 win over the Mariners for Jack Morris (14–11). Four round-trippers by Dave Winfield and .400 hitting by Ken Griffey bolstered the Yankees (5–2).

MIL 72–50 BOS 66–56 BALT 64–57 DET 62–60
NY 61–60 CLEV 59–60 TOR 59–65

AL WEST

Instead of the usual nameplate above Luis Tiant's locker, there's a sign that reads B.C.? Surely, Tiant isn't *that* old even if his birth date, which he insists is Nov. 23, 1940, is a bit dubious. Whatever his age, the venerable Tiant continued to give the Angels (5–2) a lift in their battle for the divisional lead with the Royals (*page 22*). After fanning eight Red Sox in eight innings and winning 10–2, Tiant had a 2–1 record, 2.95 ERA and 18 strikeouts in 18 innings during his latest comeback. California also got a charge out of its 13 home runs, Rod Carew's .500 hitting and Fred Lynn's 10 RBIs. Tiant was backed by five homers, as was Geoff Zahn (14–5), who defeated Oakland 8–4 and Detroit 13–1.

Lacking such fence-busters, Manager Billy Martin of the A's (4–3) tried to knock down some walls himself—in the clubhouse. Although the second of two 10–6 losses to Milwaukee in three days ended at 4 p.m., Martin didn't leave the park until midnight, taking out his frustrations by pounding on the walls. He showed up the next day with three injured fingers swathed in bandages. "I'm getting smarter," said the man who once decked a marshmallow salesman. "I finally hit something that can't sue me."

Rene Lachemann of Seattle (1–6) was another manager with cause to be upset. 10 of his players were injured or ill. The unkindest cut of all was the one suffered by Third Baseman Dave Edler, who needed five stitches in his right ear after being struck by a bad-hop grounder. And despite holding the Brewers without a homer for two days, the Mariners lost 6–5 and 3–2.

There were groans in Chicago (2–5), too. Britt Burns (13–4) was sidelined by a strained shoulder. And there was a painful 4–3 setback to the Rangers after the White Sox, who were within one strike of losing, tied the game 1–1 and went in front 3–1 in the 11th. Dave Hostetler of Texas (2–4) spoiled that rally with a three-run homer—his 22nd—in the bottom of the 11th to jolt the Sox 4–3. Buddy Bell had a .435 week at the plate.

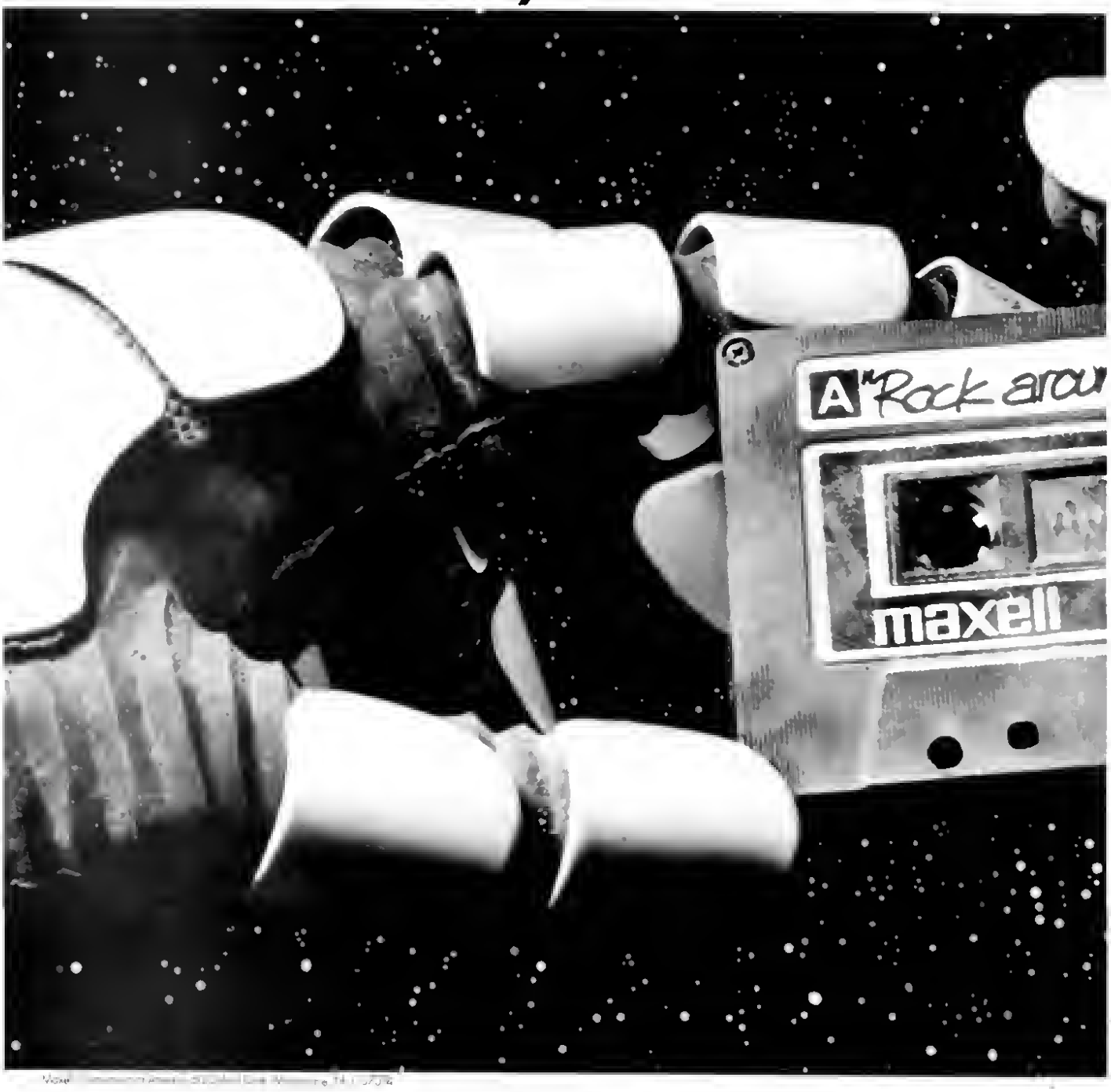
PLAYER OF THE WEEK

GOOSE GOSSAGE: The Yankee reliever whiffed six men and yielded only two hits in 6⅓ innings as he ran his total saves to 27 by sealing four wins—2–0 and 4–3 over K.C. and 4–2 and 3–1 over Toronto.

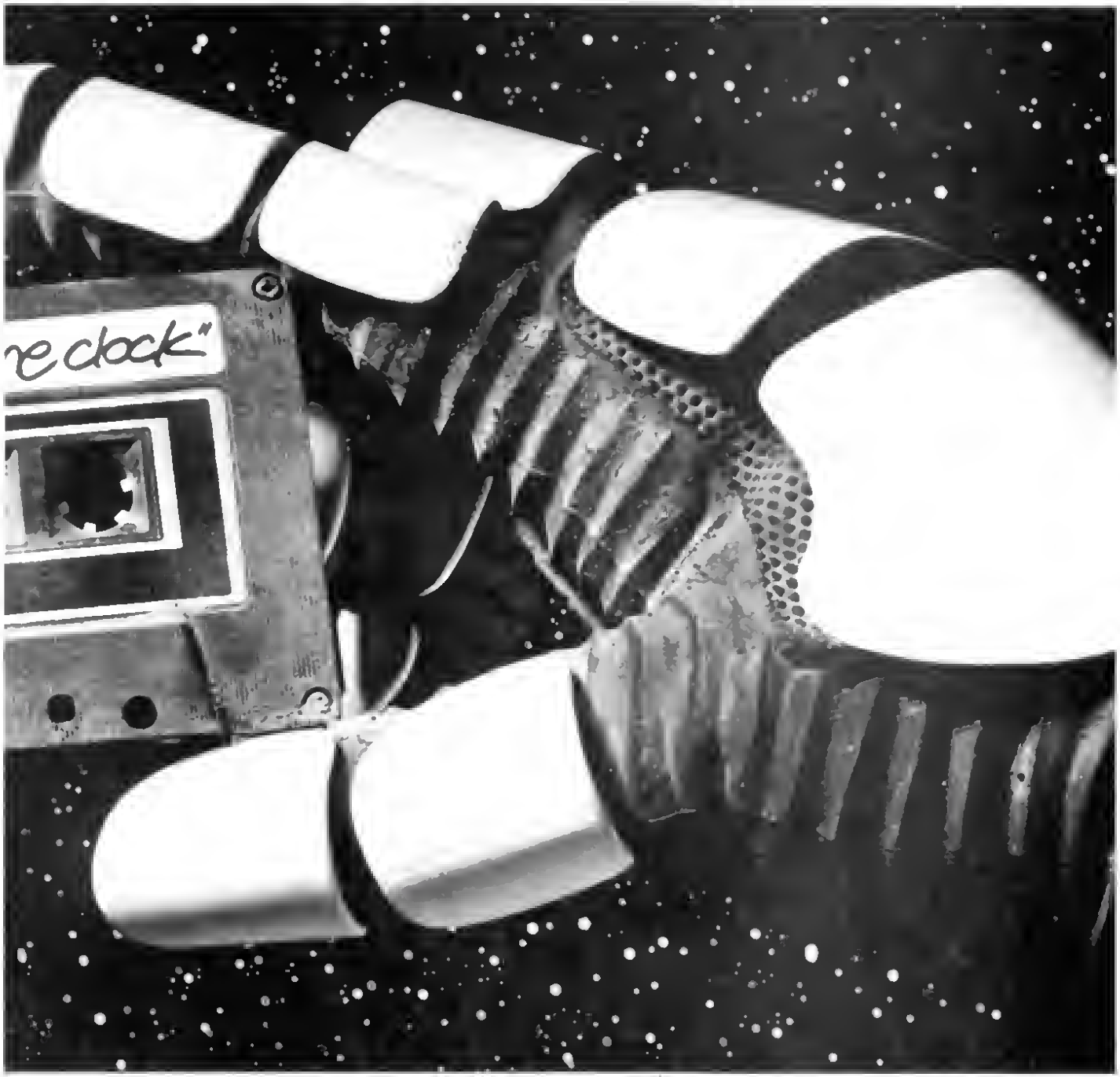
After being 0–10 in extra-inning contests, Minnesota (3–3) finally won one. A two-out, two-run double in the ninth by Dave Engle pulled the Twins into a 4–4 tie with the Orioles, who then went ahead 5–4 in the 10th. Down but not out of it, Minnesota prevailed 6–5 when Kent Hrbek doubled in a run and then scored on Mickey Hatcher's single in the bottom of the 10th. Bobby Castillo struck out 10 as he breezed past Baltimore 9–3 with the aid of home runs by Gary Ward (his 21st), Gary Gaetti (20th) and Tom Brunansky, whose 16th was part of his .455 week.

KC 70–53 CAL 71–52 CHI 65–57 SEA 59–64
OAK 56–69 TEX 48–72 MINN 43–80

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IT'S WORTH IT.

Searching for a promised land

Hey, NBA, Moses Malone's a free agent

by Alexander Wolff

Moses Malone has spent much of August playing pickup basketball at Houston's Fonde Rec Center. Lee Fentress has spent much of it vacationing in Maine. That is all you need to know about the state of the NBA's free-agent market. Malone was last season's Most Valuable Player and is—or at least *should* be—this season's most coveted free agent. Fentress is his lawyer, which means he should be sorting out offer sheets instead of trimming sheets on Penobscot Bay. But what was supposed to be a summer of bidding has become a summer of biding and, as a result, Malone probably will not be jumping ship.

Oh, he will get good money to stay in Houston, at last report Fentress and the Rockets were discussing a multiyear deal calling for up to $2 million annually. But Malone hasn't received even one offer sheet from another NBA club, and a certain Hewlett-Packard 3000 computer can't figure out why.

The computer is in the offices of National Economic Research Associates, Inc. in New York's World Trade Center, near where two of the world's tallest buildings post Manhattan up low. Lou Guth, a NERA senior vice-president who usually pores over the arcana of antitrust law, frequently pulls up a chair to the HP-3000's terminal and converses with it. Listen:

Tip tip tip, tip tip tip. Guth taps out RUN NBA on his keyboard.

Whhrrrr. Tictictic. Hmmmmm. The computer issues a greeting on its CRT screen. "Welcome to NERA's NBA Free-Agent Market. You can select any leading NBA player and see how much he would be worth to a team that you choose." Guth, who has a vague resemblance to Gabe Kaplan, twitches his mustache contentedly.

"Before choosing your player," the machine goes on, "make a philosophical choice about what characteristic (defense or offense) you feel is more important and the program will value a player's contribution to a team accordingly."

So Guth taps out "offense," then raps out "Malone." Within seconds, the Free-Agent Market Simulator (FAMS) spits out a table listing the increase in each NBA team's attendance if it were to sign Malone (*see page 55*).

Pressed, FAMS will say more: that the New Jersey Nets, for instance, would improve their 1981-82 44–38 record to 66–16 next season with Malone and draw 5,695 additional fans per game. If each new spectator generated $12.50 in ticket, parking and concession-stand revenue, Malone alone would mean almost $3 million mo' at the gate.

If so, why has Moses gone untouched in the free-agent market? Despite Houston General Manager Ray Patterson's repeated insistence that Malone is The Franchise, Fentress says, "Moses' desire to stay in Houston would seem to exceed their interest in keeping him." And the Nets, big losers when San Antonio matched their $650,000-a-year offer for Center Dave Corzine and traded him to Chicago, haven't been heard from. Nor have the Knicks. Nor the Lakers. Nor anyone else. Also, there has been little interest in other NBA free agents—and through last weekend just two of the league's 23 first-round draft picks had signed.



All of which makes the players suspicious. Their basic collective-bargaining agreement with the NBA is up for renewal, and among the proposals management has broached were the elimination of guaranteed contracts and the institution of a "salary moderation plan." A week later Commissioner Larry O'Brien said that the league's franchises are "collectively suffering very severe financial losses." The owners, whose payrolls eat up more than 70% of their gross receipts (for hockey it's 65%, baseball 40%, football 38%), may have already begun their own salary moderation plan by not bidding on free agents. If so, the players say, it's an illegal conspiracy, and they're prepared to file an antitrust suit.

Meanwhile, Malone goes unpursued. On June 6 Gavin Maloof, then the owner of the Rockets, declared he was going to make his center the highest-salaried athlete in history. Less than two weeks later Maloof sold the Rockets to Charlie Thomas, a Houston car dealer.

"The sale will not affect our pledge to sign Moses," Patterson said. "We had the same budget before the sale that we're operating under now." Malone said he'd like to remain with the Rockets—under the right conditions. After a meeting in Houston on Aug. 12, Fentress, Patterson and J. Livingston

continued



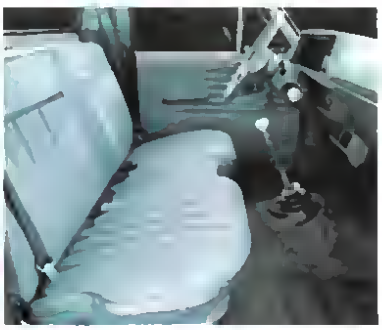
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Kosberg, a local businessman who represented Thomas, reiterated their desire to keep Malone in Houston.

But FAMS, which is a sort of computer-dating service for players and teams, wants Malone to be a Net. To conclude that he's worth $2.9 million to New Jersey, the HP-3000 searched out the 1981-82 stats for Moses and for the Nets. Then, taking such categories as blocked shots and steals as well as offensive rebounds, points and field-goal percentage—but weighing them according to the phase of the game (offense) that Guth had chosen—FAMS replaced a composite figure for all of the New Jersey centers with an equivalent number of minutes' worth of Malone's stats. (The computer model isn't yet sophisticated enough to plug one *particular* player in for another—a Malone, say, for incumbent Net Center Len Elmore.) A formula projects how the stats affect a team's won-lost record, and a complex program—taking into account a market's size, income, the competing spectator sports, arena capacity and attendance history—translates those extra wins into extra fans and additional revenue.



According to the HP-3000, Malone would be boffo at the gate everywhere.

The program can be misleading, of course; the contributions of players who produce impressive numbers in relatively few minutes are exaggerated when they are projected as starters. What's more, almost any free agent looks like a liability when plugged into a team that's already strong at his position. And a player whose team's style is conducive to running, *e.g.*, a Denver Nugget, will appear to be a savior to a grind-it-out team like the Atlanta Hawks.

"The computer just does so much," Guth admits. "It arranges information for you, but a team's chemistry or style or the philosophy of a coach are all factors an intelligent user has to figure in."

With Malone, though, the HP-3000 does seem to have at least a hunch about chemistry. Common sense says that Denver Coach Doug Moe's helter-skelter style would leave Malone behind in the backcourt, where he'd be unable to pound the offensive boards, his specialty. For reasons of its own, FAMS also counsels against Mo joining Moe: The Nuggets would prosper with Malone but less so than any other NBA club. They'd average only 316 more fans a game and actually lose money if they paid him as little as $165,000 per annum.

On the other hand, if the Knicks signed Malone, they would improve their record from 33–49 to 50–32, attract 3,783 more fans per game and could pay him $1.9 million annually—about what the Rockets have reportedly offered. The HP-3000 says that both Dallas and Washington would benefit at the gate with Malone, but unless they got $20 a head in per-game revenue, neither could prudently match Houston's offer.

The computer figures that if Golden State Forward Bernard King were to play for the Mavericks, he'd produce eight more wins and 20,712 more fans but deserve no more than a quarter million for his efforts. (Sentimentalists who'd like to see Bernard join his brother Albert on the Nets are advised that the addition of Bernard would result in New Jersey's *losing* four more games.) And if Nets owner Joe Taub doesn't want to pay $2.9 million for Malone, he'd be wise to sign veteran Denver Center Dan Issel to a $1.25 million-a-year pact. Issel would mean 11 more wins and 102,173 more fans to Jersey, and would more than earn his wages.

What of free agent Forward Bob McAdoo, who was so crucial to the world champion Lakers' offense last spring? Mac and his agent, Bill Madden, want their doo, and on a team that already boasts two million-dollar-a-year players, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Earvin Johnson, the $800,000 a year they're said to be demanding doesn't seem out of line. But the computer says that only the lowly Mavs would improve their record and their gate with McAdoo in the lineup, and that if McAdoo were to play for the Nets (something that's already been tried with little success), the effect would be so deleterious that he'd cost the Nets $1 million.

For contrast, Denver Guard T.R. Dunn helps every team. With his contribution weighted for defense, his forte, Dunn improves a club's draw from an average of 240 a game in San Antonio, Utah and Milwaukee to an average of some 2,700 for each home date in Chicago, New York and New Jersey. (Free agents tend to have a big impact on the latter three franchises because all are mediocre teams with big arenas in large population centers.) Put Dunn in Boston and his computer reviews are raves: "The Celtics' winning percentage would change from 76.8 to 88.1, and attendance by 49,236. Note: The total attendance is more than you can accommodate in your arena. Better build a new one."

Not so fast. If something tells you no single player will enable a team to win 88% of its games—and certainly not one named T.R. Dunn—you've got the right measure of skepticism. The real data will get processed on the court. "Absolutes don't mean nearly as much as the relative impact of one player over another," Guth says. "Anyone who offers a free agent something based only on this information is using it improperly."

Anyway, as they say around the NBA, "Is what *is*." **END**

by Bob Ottum



Three jewels in Juli's crown

Juli Inkster won the Women's Amateur Championship for the third straight year

And whom do we have here? The U.S. Women's Amateur golf champion, 1980. And again in 1981. And now—ta dah'—we give you 1982. Juli Inkster is only 22 years old and looks as if she could keep rolling along forever, relentlessly, year after year after year—or at least until she hits senior play, in which contestants must admit to being 50. There's just nobody around who can beat her. This is now official news, since the latest batch of contenders made a vigorous run at her last week in Colorado, and still Inkster emerged on Sunday evening with the title. Going in, she was only the ninth player ever to win two consecutive championships in the 81 years of this event. Coming out, she was the fifth ever and the first since Virginia Van Wie in 1934 to win the title three years in a row.

What's more impressive, or at least considerably more fun, is that Inkster beat the challengers in a dozen different ways. She destroyed them with her long game, featuring high, arcing drives powered by what she calls her Free Arm Swing (more on the amazing No Hips Free Arm in just a moment). She also demoralized them with her short game, crisp approaches and a variety of calculated curlicue putts. She beat five challengers at match play before Sunday's 36-hole final, and not a slouch among them. Indeed, they included such notables as 1973 U.S. and 1974 British Amateur champion Carol Semple, her Curtis Cup teammate, who fell 3 and 1, and former U.S. Girls', PGA and Orange Bowl Junior champ—and tournament medalist—Penny Hammel, who was a 2-and-1 victim in the quarterfinals. And on Sunday, still relentless, she delivered a 4-and-3 trouncing to Cathy Hanlon of Palos Verdes Estates, Calif., another Curtis Cupper who was a surprise finalist.

All of this action came in a week of mostly pleasant days on the side of Cheyenne Mountain at around 5,200 feet or so, with Colorado Springs lying like a toy city far below. The setting was the Broadmoor South Course, and its owners are fond of noting that the "rugged beauty was not disrupted when each hole was fitted naturally into the terrain." Oh What that really means is a layout of strangely narrow fairways that wander between thickets of impenetrable junipers, piñons, thistles, scrub oak, laurel and rocky outcroppings that look suspiciously like mountain lion lairs. Not only that, but the whole place is also tilted, surely more than most hillside courses, so golf balls that should land and just lie there quietly on the greens suddenly start inching off toward town. It's a sort of lushly forested fantasy world.

And somewhere high in the hills above the course—you can't see it because it's hidden so deeply in the pines—is the town zoo. Also close by, possibly just over that ridge, are the Broadmoor skeet ranges. Together, they serve to create wonderful effects. Hunched over a crucial putt, a golfer might suddenly hear an elephant snort. At other times, the dull thump of gunfire echoes hollowly back in the hills, as if the Indians had trapped somebody in a box canyon.

This isn't smart-alecky criticism. No sir. The word for all of this is refreshing. After all, you don't get such classy distractions at Pebble Beach or Augusta National. And especially appropriate about the scene—in fact, the great justice of the week—was that Juli Inkster fully emerged as a refreshing new golf personality.

Inkster, who is nicely rangy and strong at 5'8", has a faintly devilish air about her. There's just the hint of a bend in her nose so that in the right light she takes on a raffish look.

Young Fan: "When I get to be a big girl, I want to be just like you, Juli."

Inkster: "Oh, really? May I make a suggestion? Take up tennis."

Inkster approaches practice the same way, listening to an imaginary announcer's silky voice murmuring inside her head: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, Juli Inkster steps up

to face the most crucial, vital, supremely important putt of her entire career. Sixty-five feet from the cup on this tough, tricky green, fans, and the U.S. Amateur Championship rides on it. The gallery falls silent. And now . . . *she drills it!*" Well. Most of the time. Occasionally, she says, the fantasy announcer will growl, "Awwwww."

And between broadcasts—"I mean, you can't play that game all the time"—she practices with a Sony Walkman II draped over her ears. "You oughta do this sometime," she says. "Try chipping to a tape of either REO Speedwagon or Huey Lewis and the News. It does wonders for your game."

This sort of antic imagination began taking shape at Santa Cruz, Calif. in the 1960s and '70s, when the Simpsons—Mom, Dad and Juli's older brothers, Danny and Mike—lived just off the 14th hole at Pasatiempo Golf Club. In 1976, the dashing new pro at the club was one Brian Inkster, who has streaky blond hair, green eyes and a fluid swing.

"I began taking lessons from him when I was 16," Juli says. "I was also working as the cart girl at the club. That is, Brian would bark 'Get a cart up here!' and I'd have to jump. The secret reason I married him when I was 20 was so I could get a raise and a better job in the office."

What she also got was this huge, flowing game, peculiarly hers, accented by an extraordinary swing. "I taught her a method I call the Leslie King," says Brian.

Oh, the old Leslie . . . the *who*?

"Leslie King is 73 now," Brian says. "He teaches in London. He's holed up in what used to be squash courts in a beat-up apartment building not far from Harrods. There's no golf course, nothing. Just nets. He makes you hit into nets so you can concentrate on your swing and not worry about where the ball's going. He's the master."

"And it's all in the arms. See?" says Juli. "It's tricky to learn. See, in the U.S. we overstress the lower body. We *insist* that you have to generate power with the swing of your hips. But not The Old Leslie King. With him, it's all arms first, and then. . . ." She pauses. "Look at Tom Watson!" she barks. Everybody jumps, as if Watson has just walked into the room. "I mean, watch him swing. You can't *tell* me that he doesn't do it all with *his* arms."

The Free Arm Swing has carried Juli Inkster to some pretty nifty triumphs. In her debut in national competition she was second-low amateur in the 1978 U.S. Women's Open; she was 1981 California Amateur champion; a college all-star at San Jose State, and a member of the 1980 U.S. Women's World Amateur Team and the victorious 1982 Curtis Cup team, which defeated Great Britain-Ireland 14½–3½ three weeks ago at the Denver Country Club. Inkster won all four of her matches there, including each of her two singles matches by the staggering score of 7 and 6.



Juli's caddie and mentor is her golf-pro husband, Brian.

And at Colorado Springs she just kept rolling on, wearing that rakehell look from time to time. Indeed, when the divots of the last day had settled, Inkster had upped her astonishing match-play record to 20–2 in five consecutive Women's Amateurs and won 18 straight matches.

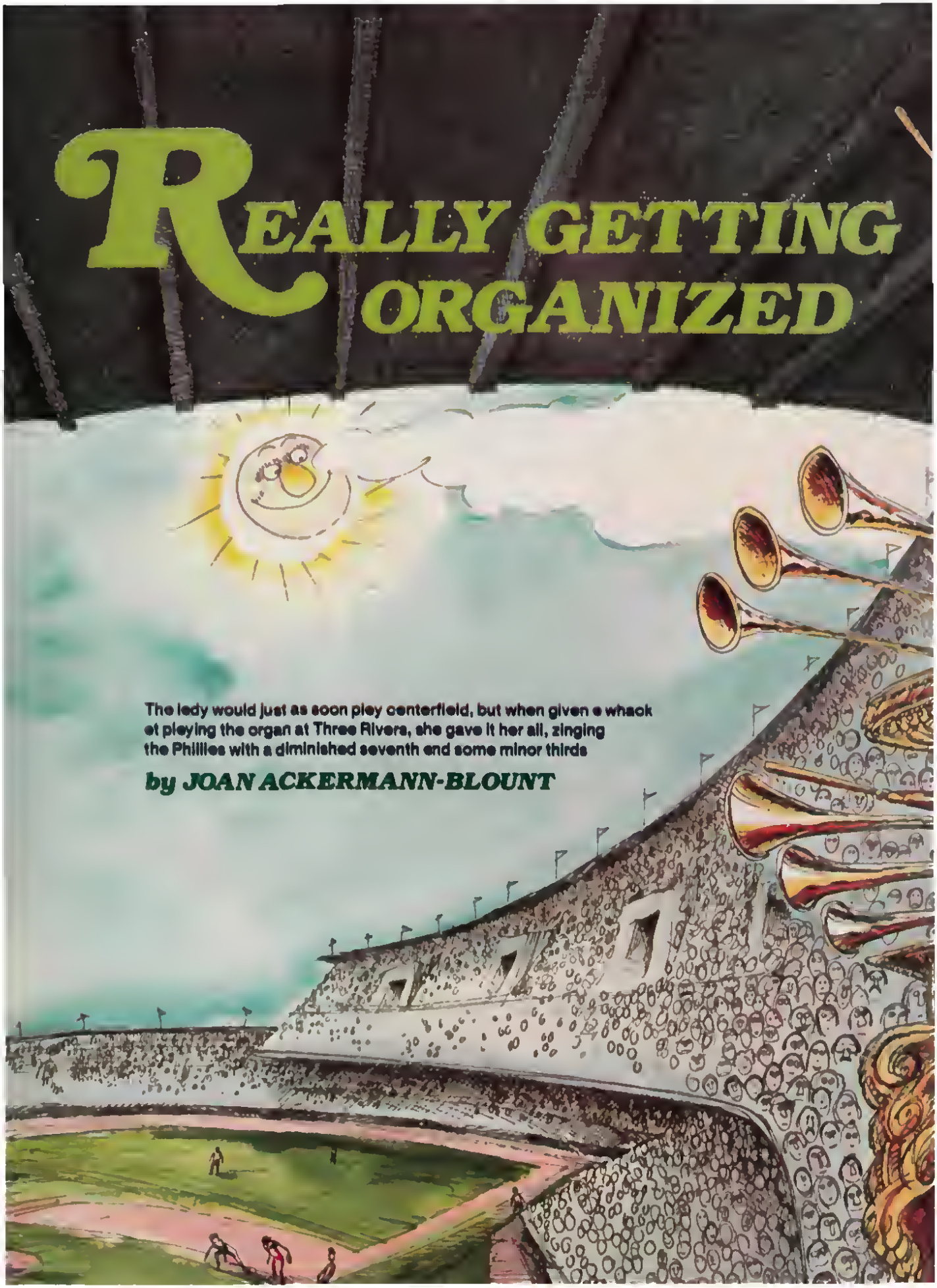
In the morning, with the dew still roughly up to their shinbones, the ragged little gallery assembled around the 1st tee. Everybody, of course, faced the golfers. But if they had looked around just then, toward the mountain, they would have seen two deer. They looked like Mom and Pop deer, standing in the back row as quietly as everyone else. After Hanlon and Inkster had played away, the critters shrugged, if that's possible for deer, and strolled off in another direction, having seen enough to satisfy their curiosity.

They missed all the good stuff. Especially the alltime crusher, delivered in the afternoon's 18. The two women had played more or less evenly—no great edge that the other couldn't overcome—until the 30th hole of the match. It's a 490-yard, par-5 monster with a canyon running diagonally through the middle, followed by a giant-slalom slope dropping toward the valley floor. Hanlon hit a fine, crisp drive off the tee. So did Inkster. Then, after walking a few steps to peer down the steep slope, Inkster went back to her ball in the fairway and lofted it somewhere into the sun. It came down on the green far below, plunk, and rolled smack up to the pin. It was, to be historically precise, a 239-yard four-iron shot, a shot they'll talk about at the Broadmoor for years to come, not to mention the eagle it led to.

When the end came, Inkster had made 10 birdies and an eagle in 33 holes, which is pretty impressive scoring by any standard. Thus endeth one of the country's outstanding amateur careers. Oh, there'll be a tournament or two more, but come January, Inkster plans to compete in the LPGA qualifying school, with every prospect thereafter of knocking some socks off the big ladies. Her husband, now the pro at the Los Altos (Calif.) Golf and Country Club, will help where he can; in a way, he says, "Juli's career has become my career."

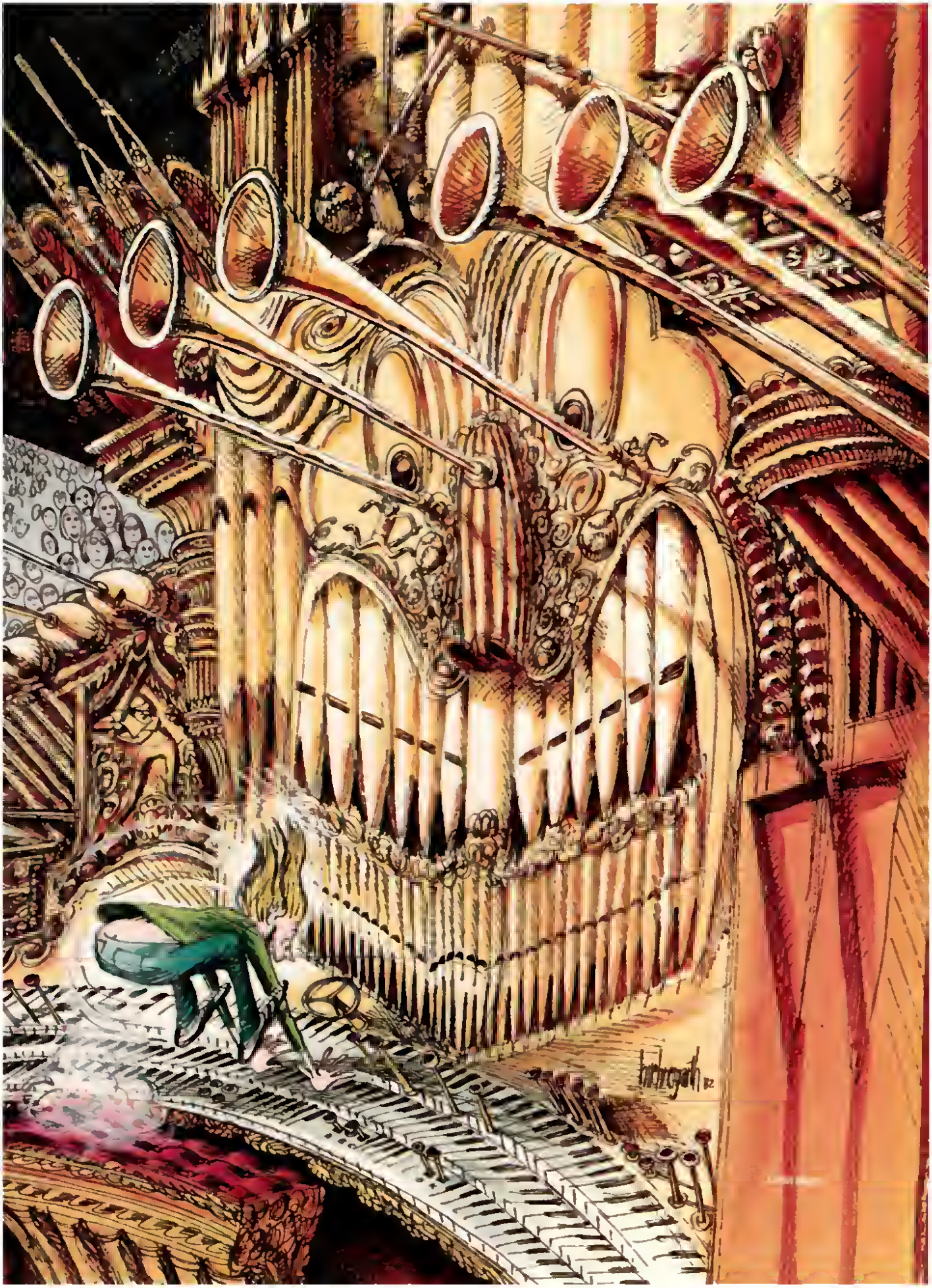
With that, everybody trooped down the mountainside, leaving it as it was before. A place—this is serious, now—where the deer and the antelope play. END

REALLY GETTING ORGANIZED



The lady would just as soon play centerfield, but when given a whack at playing the organ at Three Rivers, she gave it her all, zinging the Phillies with a diminished seventh and some minor thirds

by ***JOAN ACKERMANN-BLOUNT***



continued

"Has this always been your dream, lady?" said the yellow-shirted grounds-crew person who stuck his head in the door of the little room that looks down over home plate at Three Rivers Stadium. "Huh? Playing the organ at a major league ball park, hunnhhh?"

"Mrrmm," I mumbled. I was in the middle of a play. My right hand was scurrying up the keyboard; it slid on the back of its index finger into a high D, picked itself up, shook off some fine dust and bolted off to steal yet another octave. Meanwhile my left hand plunged sideways (not unlike Graig Nettles) down to catch a low diminished chord. All right! I had just pelted the air with a flurry of 32nd notes that guided the ball like an escort of bees straight into the rightfielder's glove; at the same time, the diminished chord hunkered down a few feet in front of third base, slowing the runner just enough to get him tagged out.

"Game starts in a couple hours," the grounds-crew person said, "Keep practicing. S'long."

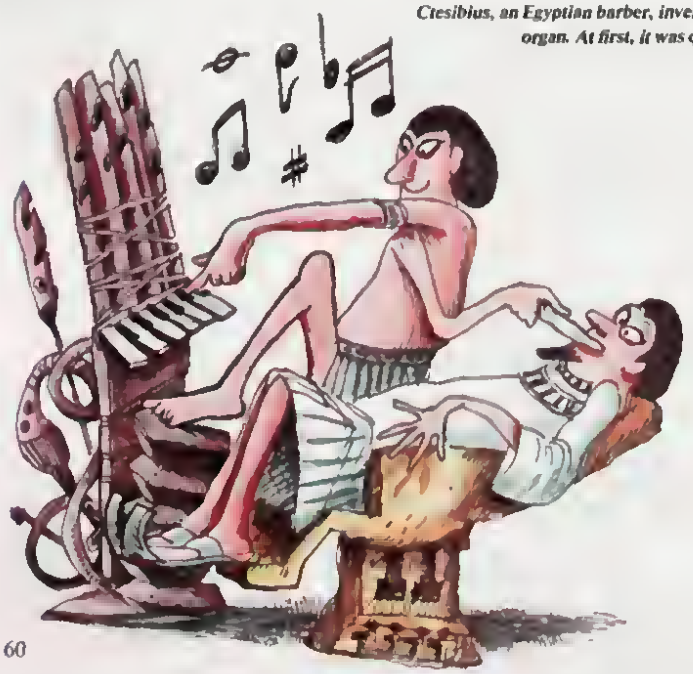
What did he mean? The game had started four hours ago. The home team was winning by 63 runs, thanks in part to several assists from the organist. Oops, top of the order. Crack! Fwinngg! My right hand was *gone*. A sluice of 64th notes sliced across the top of the squarely hit ball, shaving some stitches as it dropped the ball into the shortstop's glove. Deep in the leather, the stunned cork hummed a low E.

I had no grass stains, no bruises or pulled muscles to show for it, but for four hours my hands had done laps up and down the two keyboards of the organ, firing off salvos of notes as palpable as golf balls. The visiting team never knew what hit it. Melodic pitch coils had done counterpoint with curves, knucklers and other pitches; second inversion chords turned over double plays; quick phrases sailed down the first-base line and carried fair balls into foul territory; balls disappeared completely into whole-note rests only to reappear out of the blue in the next inning; umpires' cheeks were pricked red by staccato notes when bad calls were made; gangs of slow-moving triadic harmonies wandered into the outfield and set small fires. It was late in the afternoon. Even though the roving flocks of pigeons and swallows couldn't actually see any players out on the field, they must have felt the strange rifts in the air.

No. Playing the organ during a major league baseball game hasn't always been my dream. I would much rather play centerfield. But because I never got drafted (although I did go to spring training with the Dodgers five years ago to improve my throwing), I had to settle for playing the organ. I was practicing all afternoon my fourth day at Three Rivers Stadium. That evening the fourth and last game of a Pirates-Phillies series would be played. Nothing I had contributed to the first three games, not even a ragtime version of *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*, had helped at all. The Pirates had lost all three, and I knew if they lost the last game I would never be invited back to be the relief organist again.

"If they don't win tomorrow you ain't comin' back, honey," Vince Lascheid, the Pirates' organist, had said to me. "You're no good-luck charm. You've got plenty of charm but no luck."

I had to get at least one RBI that night; I just had to.



Ctesibius, an Egyptian barber, invented the organ. At first, it was quite barbaric.

Nobody is sure exactly when the organ was first used during a major league baseball game. Buzzie Bavasi, the California Angels' executive vice-president, thinks Larry MacPhail started the tradition in 1939, when he owned the Brooklyn Dodgers.

"MacPhail had a pregame show planned," says Bavasi, "what he called an 'extravaganza,' which included a foot race among three great milers, Glenn Cunningham, Gene Venzke and Joe McCluskey. I made the deal to get them to come to Ebbets Field and Larry said, 'We have to have music.' An organ company donated the instrument, which became part of the regular entertainment."

One thing is certain: Organs have been entertaining crowds for more than 2,000 years. An Egyptian barber, Ctesibius, invented the water organ in the third century B.C. by putting together flutes of various sizes in a frame and directing air from bellows via a keyboard. It was the world's first keyboard instrument. Organs went over big in Rome. Every time there was a great to-do, organs were used for background music. Nero played the organ at public events (he also played bagpipes)—during circuses, gladiatorial



In Rome, Nero fiddled around on the organ during circuses and races at the Colosseum.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN HUEHNERGARTH

battles (*Take Me Out to the Colosseum?*) and horse races.

It may be that the organ's greatest virtue, since the very beginning, has been its volume. The Roman Hydraulus (an organ that utilized water to keep air in the air reservoir at a constant pressure) could blast out a sound that could be heard miles away. It was so loud that the organists had to wear earplugs, and the keys were so wide that they had to bang them with their fists, or with hammers. It's hard to believe, but because of the rowdy gallivanting associated with organ music, the early Christians banned the instrument. It wasn't until the fifth century that organs were commonly used in churches.

Because of its versatility—the organ has a wider range and variety of tone color than any other instrument—it bellowed through several centuries seeking to fulfill its potential by getting bigger, louder and more complex. An organ at Winchester Cathedral in England required 72 men to work it; two played it and 70 pumped the 26 bellows to fill 400 pipes with air. Two centuries later multiple keyboards and pedals were developed, thanks in part to Albert van Os, a Dutchman, the first full-time organ builder.

In the 15th century the Abbot of Baigne in France temporarily departed from the trend toward grander organs when he devised one for Louis XI that was made out of hogs. According to Bouchet's *Annales d'Aquitaine*: "Out of a number of hogs, of several ages, which he mustered up, and placed under a tent or pavilion, covered with velvet (before which he had a sound-board of wood, all painted, with a number of keys) he made an organ, and as he played upon said keys with little spikes, which pricked the hogs, he made 'em cry in such time and consort as highly delighted the king and all his company."

The king and all his company would be delighted by some of the organs at various ball parks today; the attached synthesizers that growl and say "wow" could easily say "M'lord."

The largest and loudest organ—or musical instrument for that matter—ever made is the Auditorium Organ in Atlantic City. Built in 1930, it has two consoles with a total of 12 keyboards, 1,477 stops, and 33,112 pipes from $\frac{3}{16}$ of an inch to 64 feet in length. Its flat-out volume, generated by blower motors of 365 horsepower, equals that of 25 brass bands. Operated by pressure of up to 100 inches of water, its pure trumpet tone is six times louder than that of the loudest locomotive whistle. It is the organ to end all organs. Not long after it was built, the electrification of the mechanical parts of the organ reversed the trend toward monstrous size and overwhelming power. Like the Wizard of Oz, the guy behind the curtain, most ball-park organs today can fit into the back of a station wagon. But they can really put on a show.

When a player comes to bat in Houston's Astrodome and his name is announced over the public-address system, Don Baker, the organist, tries to create a sound on his two-keyboard Kawai organ that approximates the player's name. When the opposing team walks a batter, Baker tries to make a chicken sound while the message board lights up with a picture of a chicken.

"We have suboctave ranges," says Phillies organist Paul Richardson, "and with the synthesizer you can get a good amount of g-r-ooww-ling sounds. You do that when a guy is grumpy. And I can slide into the violin thing, the old Jack Benny routine." Richardson has a Yamaha, but not the newest model, which makes *Star Wars* sounds. "Mine has a pulse analogue and a digital system so you can create a lot of effects with the synthesizer," says Richardson. "It also has a separate synthesizer, a portamento, which gives you more effect . . . squ-eealing sounds."

"The portamento is kind of the heart of the synthesizer," says the Angels' organist, Shay Torrent, whose Hammond

continued



Hammering out a tune on the Hydraulus required strong arms and effective earplugs.

continued

X-66 is equipped with one. "It does what the organ won't do, *i.e.*, go up and down and slide at any speed."

Fernand Lapierre, the organist at Olympic Stadium in Montreal, has a Kawai EX-700. "It has digital sound," he says. "Perfect pitch. I can play like a drum corps when Youppi [the Expos' mascot] is marching on the dugout. I can make trumpet sounds that are just like a trumpet. We used to have a lot of echo in the stadium, a revolving sound, but now with this Kawai we don't have any trouble. It's like vegetable soup. You put it through a blender. You know it has peas, but you can't find the pea. With this, you'll see the pea. You'll see the carrots. You'll see the cabbage."

I was disappointed to find out that pipe organs aren't used at ball parks any more. I had hoped to locate a huge rickety old pipe organ, full of nests of little burrowing animals, with trapdoors, winged attachments, chutes, richly aged ivory keys, stops made of rosewood and flags and pigeons at the top that flapped in silvery currents of bellowed wind. No such luck.

Electric organs are pipeless; in some the tones are produced by electromagnets and rotating disks. The more electric organs have gotten, the less organic they sound. Personally, I can't stand the sound of an electric organ. When I hear one it feels as if a vibrating fluorescent object is using the top of my head for a runway, or someone just turned on tiny TV sets in my teeth. It's a fast-food sound; you might as well stuff polyester potato chips in your ears.

If pizza parlors can afford big pipe organs, why can't ball parks? Giant theater pipe organs are the latest fad in pizza, according to *The Wall Street Journal*. In the past few years some 60 instruments have been restored and installed as the main attraction at huge family pizza joints. One pizza parlor in Grand Rapids has a Wurlitzer that can emit more than 60,000 sound effects, including a whistling, hissing locomotive, chirping crickets and roaring lions.

Why have a digital growl when you can have a natural roar?



In the 15th century, the Abbot of Baigne went hog-wild to please Louis XI, fashioning an organ from velvet-covered pigs that squealed in unison when they were pricked with spikes.

I think I should explain that I don't play the organ. I play ragtime piano. When I asked the Pirates if they would let me play their organ during a game, it was really because I wanted to play ragtime. It seemed the perfect match: ragtime and major league baseball both having gotten started around the same time, in the late 1800s. I thought playing during a game would be an appropriate step in my varied and often strange keyboard career.

At the beginning I spent about a year and a half wandering into country inns and saying, "I play ragtime piano," mostly to see what would happen, just to feel my mouth moving that way. That was before I could play very well at all. "I play ragtime piano." What a thing to say. If anyone responded, expressed interest in hiring me, I would say I was all booked up at the time. Years later, when I could say the sentence convincingly, without my voice cracking and without betraying my fear that someone might jump out of the wall, point a finger at me and cry "Impostor!", I could play fairly well.

My first job was at a bar in Canaan, Conn., where the piano looked as if it had been ravaged by an ivory hunter. The naked keys looked like rotting wooden teeth that had been steeped for years in inkwells. The piano was also missing a few essential boards. My music rested up against the hammers so that when I played, the hammers went "thwap, thwap, thwap" against the back of the music book. One old man, drunk, with his head resting on the bar, cheered even though I produced chiefly percussive sounds. He was looking toward the wall, not at me.

Then came my fish period. I played Saturdays at a bar in the Blackberry River Inn in Norfolk, Conn. There was an aquarium next to the piano and much of my playing was geared to the guppies, goldfish, and sunfish that prowled through the eerie green light. When one night a small carp floated lifeless to the top of the tank, I felt partly responsible. I played Scott Joplin's most Brahmslike slow waltzes. The first time I ever heard myself referred to as "the musician" was when I was hired to play at a fancy private party and someone said loudly, "It's behind the musician," referring to an enormous fish that was mounted on the wall behind me. It attracted many of the partygoers throughout the evening, eliciting admiring remarks.

I played ragtime at weddings, on beaches, at a General Electric conference in Saratoga where I had to dress up as a Gibson Girl and someone else dressed up in an animal costume came and thwacked me with its large green tail (Was it an alligator—a dinosaur?). I played a white baby grand in the Emerald Room of the Berkshire Hilton in Pittsfield, Mass., where the pedals de-

tached themselves and retreated under the piano. My body sank lower and lower as my feet pursued them until my friend Sandy Lord crept underneath and reattached the pedals. I played a pink upright at a campground, where my husband was given a lobster and baked potato at half price. I played at gatherings for senior citizens who sometimes knew words to rags I didn't even know had words, and at Miss Ruby's restaurant in West Stockbridge, Mass., where Andre Previn sat so close to me I could have dropped a bean down the back of his shirt.

I'll play just about anywhere except where people have come for the purpose of hearing me play; my hands shake too much when that happens. I don't want people to focus on me; I want to focus on them, to wrap them in strange textures, to wander around the room veiled in notes. I like to contribute to a din, to wrestle with it and augment its tones. Ragtime embellishes conversation wonderfully; it can roll steadily through the most raucous smoke-filled noise and not suffer a hit from being ignored. It's always both gayer and sadder than anyone it sidles up to. For all its razzle-dazzle glitter, I think ragtime is really just another form of the blues.



When a batter is walked at Houston's Astrodome, he's greeted by an organic chicken.

It's a famous trivia question around Boston: Who played for the Celtics, the Bruins and the Red Sox—the same season?

Answer: Organist John Kiley.

Their names ought to be on the rosters. In the American League: Frank Charles (Milwaukee), Eddie Layton (New York), Nancy Faust (Chicago), Dick Kimball (Seattle), Ronnie Newman (Minnesota), Shay Torrent (California), John Kiley (Boston), Rick Janssen (Kansas City). In the National League: Lowery Ballew (Atlanta), Ernie Hays (St. Louis), Fernand Lapierre (Montreal), Paul Richardson (Philadelphia), Danny Topaz (San Diego), Jack Doll Jr. (Cincinnati), Don Baker (Houston), Helen Dell (Los Angeles), Vince Lascheid (Pittsburgh). To what degree these organists actually influence the outcome of a game will never be known. Their presence can be as obvious as the fireworks on the scoreboard, or as subtle as the nitrites in the hotdogs. Like players, they get fired by general managers, reprimanded by umpires and applauded by fans. One of them even got traded. When Torrent moved with his family from Chicago to Santa Barbara, Calif., he commuted by plane for three years to Chicago for each home stand. Then when the Angels were ready to switch from Dodger Stadium to Anaheim, Cedric Tallis, then vice-president of operations, got "permission" to talk to Torrent. And so he became an Angel. "I was traded," says Torrent.

Who made the most errors in one game? It might be George Cerutti, ex-organist at San Francisco. "I knew my days were numbered when one day I was distracted by a friend in the booth and I played music during the batting of two hitters in succession," says Cerutti. "The home plate umpire called time and glared up at the booth, but I wasn't watching."

Who is the most pampered? Perhaps Dell of the Dodgers. "We get a new organ every year," boasts the petite grandmother. "I have to check it out like you do a new car."

Who performed in the strangest location? Torrent, when he played for the White Sox? "I was out in centerfield in an open cubicle protected by canvas," he says. "Wool underwear was the uniform of the day more often than not."



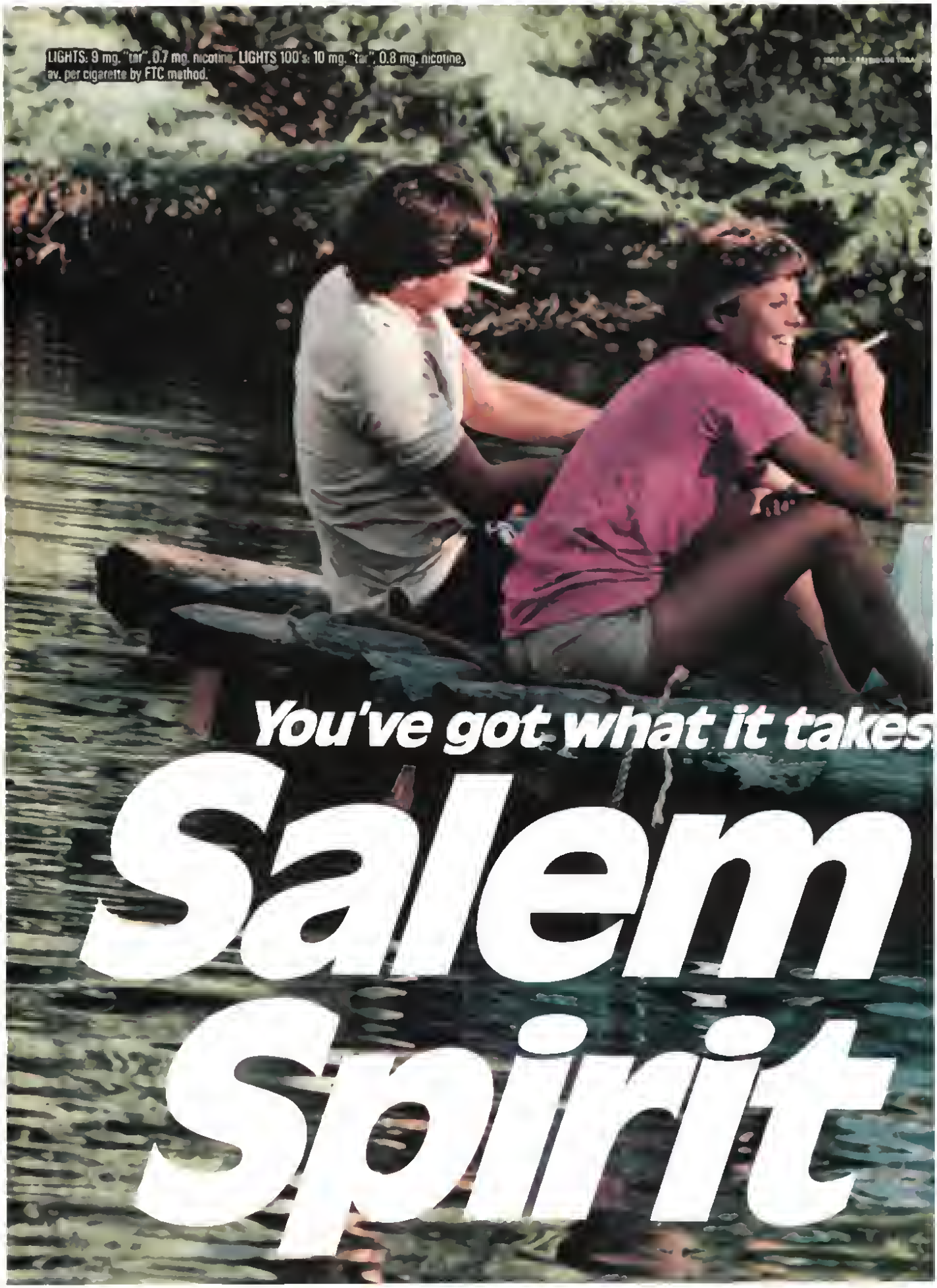
Facing the wall, instead of the music, the old drunk at the bar gave a cheer.

Who developed the most popular riff? Was it the great Faust of the White Sox? She is perhaps the most valuable player, to whom other American League teams—for example Seattle, Texas and Kansas City—have sent their organists for coaching. Her use of "Na na hey hey, kiss him goodbye" has been copied in many ball parks as a derisive taunt to a losing visiting team.

Who had the worst time playing the national anthem? Ballew of the Braves? "The singer was terrified and in the wrong key," says Ballew. "He couldn't find the right key so he started talking and then started singing again. I just sort of played chords occasionally. The man fumbled to the end and then ran off the field."

Who most angered a ballplayer? Topaz of the Padres? "The Padres were playing Hawaii and the Islanders brought in Bo Belinsky from the bullpen," says Topaz. "Bo was married to Mamie Van Doren and had gotten all this publicity about being a playboy. When he threw his first warm-up pitch, I played the first few notes of *You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby*. When he threw his next warmup pitch, I played the next few notes. He walked the first batter he faced to load the bases. Before the next batter could come up, I played *You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby* real fast. The next three or four batters in a row got hits and when they took Bo out of the game, he

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There was something fishy about being identified as a musician at this party.

looked up to where I was sitting and began shaking his fist. I started to leave the press box 15 or 20 minutes after the game ended and a security man stopped me. He said, 'I wouldn't go out there, Danny. There's a player who says he's going to wipe you out.' "

Who is the oldest organist? Baker of the Astros. Baker, 79, started playing the organ at silent movies in 1923.

Who can throw the farthest notes? Hays of the Cardinals? His new Baldwin, installed two years ago, carries so far that people in an office building in downtown St. Louis say they hear it better on the 25th floor than they hear the tornado siren from their second floor.

Which organist played the wittiest putdown for a streaker? Was it the Phillies' Richardson? "Remember that epidemic of streakers?" he says. "It went on for six months or so. Opening day, I thought there would be one at the ball park. Sure enough, one came out of the picnic area wearing nothing but a pair of cowboy boots. I played the Peggy Lee song *Is That All There Is?*"

Which organist had the best won-lost record? Detroit Pitcher Denny McLain, 31–6 for the 1968 World Champion Tigers. He used to sneak up to the press box at Tiger Stadium and sit in for Bill Fox, then the ball park's organist. Once that year, McLain won the first game of a doubleheader, then played the organ for the second game, with the 36,000 fans none the wiser.

Very few ball park organists make a living at it. "You have to have another job," says Topaz, who has been the Padres' organist since the minor league Padres opened San Diego Stadium in 1968. "You can't make enough playing 79 or 80 dates a year to support yourself."

All the organists are baseball fans. "You have to be a fan," says the Royals' Janssen, "because you need to know the game and how the crowd feels so you can relate to them. If I'm psyched up, I can get them psyched up."

"You've got to know what everybody is doing," says the Phillies' Richardson. "In 1976, the early part of that year, I leased my equipment to the team and we put in a very good organist. But he didn't know the game. A month later he got replaced. You can't play when the ball is in play, *or* alive. And you can't play when the pitcher has his foot on the rubber."

Because of the intricacies of the job, the Eastman School of Music at the University of Rochester in upstate New York will hold the first seminar for sports stadium organists next summer.

Before my appearance during the recent Pirates-Phillies series, I had played the organ twice in my life: two summers ago in St. Petersburg, Fla. at the home of Ray Mosley, tournament director of the world's largest shuffleboard club, and this year at the shopping mall in Holyoke, Mass., where I went to practice when the Pirates agreed to let me play during a game. Two stores at the mall sold organs and I figured it would be good practice to play for large groups of browsers and shoppers. (How would my tunes affect their purchases?) My friend Rose Baumann came with me, bringing her baby girl, Rachael Beth, who sucked on a large buttered bun the whole time.



A stint as a Gibson Girl in Saratoga set tails wagging, and thwacking as well.

The salesman at the first store wasn't the least bit amused when I told him why I wanted to try a demonstration model. "I get paid on commission, you know," he snarled. But instead of booting me out he insisted on sitting me down at the fanciest model. He then proceeded with dramatic gestures to push in button after button, thus stripping the instrument of all its talents, shutting down the entire rhythm section, the rhumba, waltz and polka, and all the instruments, the fake trumpets and oboes. He told me I had to play with headphones on. I did. It sounded terrible. I wasn't used to having my right hand seven inches higher than my left and my left arm kept banging against my side. I reached again and again above and below the short keyboards for notes that weren't there.

"Well, how did you like playing the devil's instrument?" he snickered after I had floundered for 10 minutes, several times almost falling onto the foot pedals in my effort to keep my feet off them. It would have been like falling into an orchestra pit.

The salesman at the other store was much friendlier. He let me play *The Star-Spangled Banner* with the rhythm section rat-tat-tatting away inside like bombs bursting in air, and I didn't have to use headphones, so strollers could hear. No one seemed particularly moved by my rendition, although the salesman did cry out, "Play ball!" at the end. And he didn't even know what I was up to.

Large stacks of towels loomed to our left at the entrance of J.C. Penney's. The scent of hair spray wafted in from a nearby beauty parlor, and across the hall bleary-eyed folks at Dental World slouched down in chairs awaiting the drill. But I played on: *Take Me Out to the Ball Game* and a few rags, and Rose and

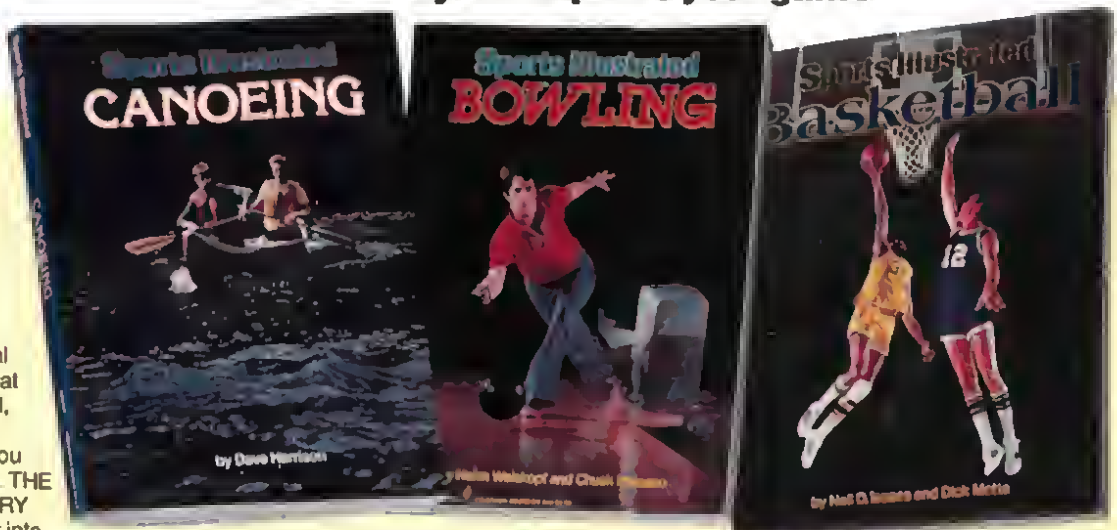
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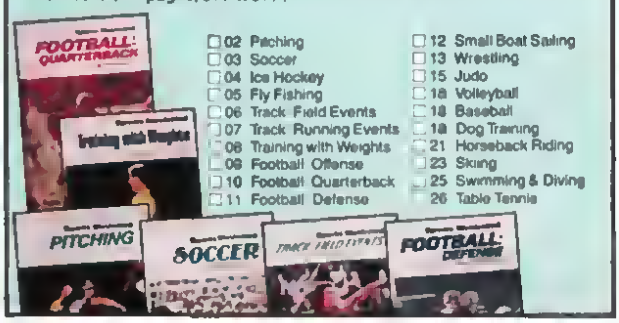
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Rachael Beth danced in the center aisle near the fountain where you can throw in pennies. Rachael Beth grinned and waved her buttered bun and after 20 minutes of playing I felt ready for the major leagues, even Pittsburgh, where Lascheid is a legend.

"Sure, Stargell was a factor in '79," says Jack Schrom, the Pirates' vice-president for public relations and marketing, "but Lascheid was even more of a factor. The fans were clamoring for him."

"He plays so bea-uu-tiful," says Mary Scarmate, a Coke vendor at Three Rivers Stadium. "It's really soothing. I can't explain."

If Lascheid wants to make a noise like a chicken on his Hammond B-3 organ, the best he can do is to play G G G G *E*-C. "Bok, bok, bok, bok, *bau*-ok," he cackles. "They won't trust me with a synthesizer. I'd have so much fun with one. Oh, the sounds that would come out of this room—the birdies that would tweet, the phones that would ring."

Lascheid's approach to playing the organ is more literary than musical. Because he can't produce a wide range of sounds with his instrument ("A plain ol' regular type organ—no gadgets, no drums, no nothin' "), he makes points with songs whose lyrics must be recognized by the fans.

"I un*derstand* everything he plays," boasts Francis Crytzer, a fan from Butler, Pa., who points to her head when talking about Lascheid.

"I try to make a pun out of a player's name," says Lascheid. "For Bob Dernier I'll play *Nearer, my God, to Thee*, or 'Denearer I Get the Closer I Feel.' If I can't do that then I'll try to play for a number. I'll play *You're Sixteen* for Steve Nicosia, who wears No. 16; 'course I stop there and leave out the 'You're beautiful and you're mine.' If that doesn't work I'll look for an ethnic connection; for Pat Rooney, *Does Your Mother Come from Ireland?*"

"I don't think we knew what we were in for when we hired Vince," says Dan Galbreath, one of the team owners. "He can really get fans cranked up. Some baseball purists don't go for the parrot [the Pirate mascot], the organ, all the fanfare. But there are also some real loyal fans who look forward to games just to try to figure out why Vince is playing what he's playing."



Rules of the organ game: No music when the ball is in play, or when the pitcher has his foot on the rubber.

"When I'm sitting in the dugout," says Relief Pitcher Kent Tekulve (for whom Lascheid plays "Plop plop fizz fizz, oh what a relief it is" or *Rubber*band *Man*), "it's fun to try to figure out what he's doing. Sometimes it hits me after a couple of days; there are some songs I still haven't figured out."

Although Lascheid is aware of his impact on the game, he concedes, "It's the team that sets the frame of mind, you know. If the team is winning, I could play 'Come to Jesus' with one finger using only whole notes and the fans would go wild. If the team is losing and the crowd is down I could play with 10 fingers and 10 toes and nothing would happen."

Lascheid has a tune for just about every player in the National League. A sampling: for Terry Leach—"Let's hang on to what we've got"; for Ed Lynch—*Tom Dooley*; for Pete Rose—*Second Hand Rose* ("There are a lot of rose songs," says Lascheid, "but I like this one 'cause they got him used from Cincinnati."); for Mike Schmidt—the Schmidt beer jingle; Joaquin Andujar—*I'm Walking*; Doug Bair—*The Stripper*; Tom Herr—*Him*; Juan Eichelberger—"Nobody does it like McDonald's can"; Broderick Perkins—the Maxwell House coffee jingle; Steve Bedrosian—*I'm So Tired*; Rick Camp—*Hello Mudduh, Hello Fadduh!*; Warren Cromartie—K mart's song; Geoff Combe—*Hair*; Charlie Leibrandt—*Mona Lisa*; Mike Scott—*It's Gotta Be This or That*; Jeff Stember—*September Song*; Rick Rhoden—the theme song from the movie *Ben* ("He was a rat, you know").

Only a few players have complained to Lascheid about his choice of songs. "I agree that *Catch a Falling Star* for Johnny Bench was a little mean; somebody told me he didn't like it. Now I play *Here's Johnny*, not necessarily because he didn't like it; I just thought better of it." When Steve Garvey grumbled about *Miss America*, Lascheid changed his tune to *Isn't She Lovely*. Ed Ott didn't

After playing a cute chord, Pittsburgh's Lascheid got a dressing down from an undressed umpire.



appreciate having the theme song from *Mr. Ed* played for him. "I guess 'cause it was about a horse," says Lascheid.

"He's the best in the league," says Dale (*Here Comes the Sun*) Berra. "Oh, is that what my song is?" he asks. "I always hear the other guys', but I'm concentrating too much when I go up to bat to hear mine."

"When I started playing for the team, back in 1971," says Lascheid, "Clemente came up to bat and I thought this is the best guy I've ever seen, so I played *Jesus Christ Superstar*. Somebody thought that was a good idea so I kept doing it."

Lascheid isn't the only ball-park performer to make such musical statements. The late Gladys Goodding, the famed Ebbets Field and Madison Square Garden organist, played *What Can I Say Dear, After I Say I'm Sorry?* back in 1952 when Brooklyn lost the World Series to the Yankees. Organists in both leagues take such liberties.

Once Lascheid almost got thrown out of a game. "Frank Pulli was umpiring behind home plate," he recalls. "Candelaria was pitching. It was in the sixth inning and Pulli wasn't calling any strikes. Finally he called one and I played *Ta-Dum!* Pulli slowly turned around and looked up at me. Five minutes later the phone rang and he said he wanted to see me after the game. I went down. He was completely naked, still dripping from his shower, and he told me, 'If you ever play a cute chord again I'll get you kicked out of the game.'"

This threat hasn't left Lascheid bereft of songs for situations. When there's a change in pitchers for the opposing team he might play *Fool on the Hill, Send in the Clowns, I Got Plenty o' Nuthin'* or *Another One Bites the Dust*. For the umpires he plays "Do you see what I see." *For Your Eyes Only, Somethin' Stupid, Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, Honesty, I Can See Clearly Now, Shaft*. None of the organists plays *Three Blind Mice* for the umpires anymore. Gladys Goodding once did. "After the game I apologized to Bill Stewart, the head umpire," she said, "and he forgave me." During a rhubarb Lascheid favors *Love Is a Many Splendored Thing, Keystone Blues, It Ain't Necessarily So, Try a Little Tenderness*. For a base on balls he plays *Walk Right In*, "Let your fingers do the walking" or *Walking Happy*. When a Pirate steals a base he plays *Mission Impossible* "because it's impossible for the other team to tag him out."

Lascheid's ball park playing habits have filtered into his other gigs. "At my church there's the pipe organ upstairs and the Baldwin downstairs that I play," he says. "Once they were consecrating the Hosts for a Communion and they ran out of them. They had to send upstairs for some extra Hosts and I played, 'If it takes forever I will wait for you.'"

Lascheid plays cocktail music at The Colony Restaurant in Pittsburgh, where, he says, "There are some booths in the back that are hard for the waiters to see. When customers sit down back there I'll sneak a 'charge!' into whatever I'm playing to signal the waiters, it's just subtle enough so that no one notices it but them."

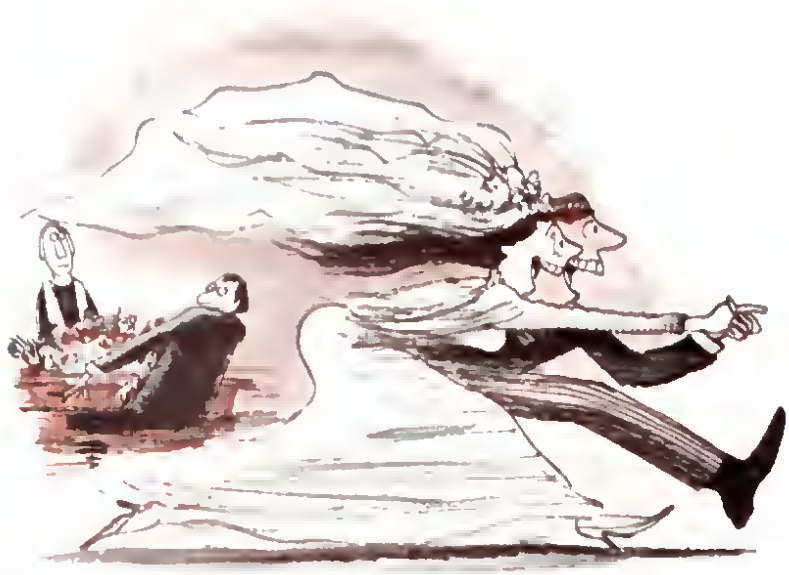
"I've used the 'charge!' call at weddings, too. Just before the recessional, you know, just after they kiss and they're about to come down the aisle. I'll play, "Da da da da, da da! Charge!"

Nicholas Mamich, a cabdriver in Westview, Pa. near Pittsburgh (whose nickname is Lunchbucket, "on account of how much I eat"), puts it well when he explains the difference between playing in a church and playing at a ball park. "Lascheid makes different kinds of life for the music," he says. "When he plays at the park, it says something about the game. When he plays in church, it says something about God."

It was the middle of the eighth inning of the fourth and final game of the Pirates-Phillies series. The Pirates, having lost the first three games, were looking bad. So was I.

I'd practiced for four hours that afternoon, burying land mines of explosive chords all over the field. For the pregame warm-up I'd played 45 minutes of rags while the parrot joggled his stomach up and down and cavorted, with fans throwing their hats, even their shirts, onto the field. During the seventh inning stretch I'd played *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*. Now my hands were so loose they felt like rags.

The keys on an electric organ go down too easily, so you don't really feel your



If a "Charge!" works at a ball game, then why not try it as a wedding recessional?

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fingers articulating the way you do on a piano; also the keys don't depress very much, and you never really feel like you've hit bottom. If you play for any length of time, after a while you feel as if you're swishing your hands back and forth through pudding, or a shallow bog. An electric organ is completely unresponsive to touch. The volume is controlled by a switch somewhere (I never found it) so no matter how hard or softly you caress the key the sound is the same. Nothing your finger longs to impart to the tone penetrates the plastic. If Mozart played a C-major scale on an electric organ with as much expression as he could muster, the sound would be the same as that produced by dragging a banana from one C to the next.

It isn't a satisfying instrument to play. Particularly if you have traveled from a whole other state to come and play your heart out, contributing a decade's work of stride piano playing, and all the team does is lose. Swell. It's like galloping 50 miles through a sandstorm to a battleground only to find that the Band-Aids you brought don't have any adhesive.

But the trip hadn't been a completely disappointing experience. It had been fun practicing *Take Me Out to the Ball Game* every morning on the grand piano in the lobby of the Pittsburgh Hilton, where throngs of women from the Daughters of the Nile and the Order of the Eastern Star dressed in billowing taffeta gowns made so much noise that no one could hear me. The first couple of games it was great to sit next to Vince, to look down at the field and throw a note or two into whatever he was playing, like dropping extraneous ingredients into a soufflé he was whipping up. When he played G-E, G-E imitating a cuckoo for Mike Krukow, I echoed with flocks of cuckoos in the upper octaves, filling the bleachers with birds. Vince would move over and let me play a charge, rag, or a little riff. When I played rags on the top keyboard he would turn the rag out on the lower keyboard. We'd cross arms, meet at unexpected intersections, get into brief brawls, dueling rags, little conversations, and take off again. Sometimes he'd play a mirror image of what I played so it seemed the lower keyboard was a pool of water reflecting my hands. Once he got down on the floor and played the foot pedals with his hands.

And from our situation 70 feet above home plate, there was a wonderful view. It felt as if we were in a hot air balloon, drifting over the game, being directed by the various currents of energy whizzing around below. But even though we had a good time, ate a lot of pretzels, set off fireworks, cursed bad plays with the superiority of those who find themselves geographically higher than others, and played belly-dancing music for a dancing Mideastern woman who was eventually thrown out of the stadium, the Pirates were still losing.

"Vince," I said suddenly, "Vince, you've got to let me play the *Cum Bac Rag* Now."

"Wait a sec," he said. "I gotta do an ad," and he played Fostoria crystal's ad while the memory board twinkled with pictures of crystal. When he slid into *Don't It Make Your Brown Eyes Blue*, I said it again. He was just kidding around and the Pirates would soon be up at bat.

"Vince. Now. The *Cum Bac Rag*. It'll work."

"Right," he said, and moved over.

I sat down and played Charles L. Johnson's *Cum Bac Rag* like no fish or bride had ever heard me play it before.

Crack! Bill Madlock (*How Much Is That Doggie in the Window?*) doubled to open the inning. After Jason Thompson (*I'm Always Chasing Rainbows*) was walked intentionally, Mike Easler (*Ease on Down the Road*) forced Madlock at third. And then . . . and then . . . a wild pitch allowed the runners to move up. Had it been blown up by one of my land mines? Had it been seized by a lingering cluster of eighth notes? Had it been whisked away by the echo of the ascending octaves in the *Cum Bac Rag*? Both Thompson and Easler scored on Tony ("Do you like Piña Colada?") Pena's double down the right-field line.

"Vince, Vince," I said jumping on top of him. "Vince! The *Cum Bac Rag*. They came back!"

Right before the Phillies came up for their last at bat, I played a diminished seventh chord and a staff of minor thirds. "They're diabolical," my piano teacher, Larry Wallach, had told me at my last lesson. "Hit the opposing team with as many as you can." I played an E flat and a C. Just once. That was enough.

The Pirates won, 3–1.

"Vince, Vince," I sputtered. I was exhausted, my hands were spent, my vision was blurred. I took off my Pirate hat and let it drop on the floor.

"Send me a Xerox of that rag, would you?" Vince said, walking out the door. "And leave your phone number. We may need you again some day."

"I'm the relief organist," I said, shaking Tekulve's hand in the locker room afterward. Tekulve had relieved Rick Rhoden in the top of the eighth. "The *Cum Bac Rag*," I told him all about it.

"You better come back tomorrow," he said, laughing. "We may need you."

No way. I had to get back to Mill River, Mass. for a game the next day. Frankly, when it comes to playing at ball parks, I prefer the outfield. END



Mozart would go bananas if he tried to play a C-major scale with feeling on a modern-day electric organ.


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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 16-22

Compiled by ROB BUCHANAN

BOWLING—GARY SKIDMORE beat top qualifier Mike Aulby 218–204 to win his first PBA title, a $110,000 event in Austin, Texas.

BOXING—WILFREDO GOMEZ retained his WBC super bantamweight title in San Juan, Puerto Rico with a seventh-round TKO of Roberto Rubaldino.

GOLF—LANNY WADKINS fired a final-round 65 for a 15-under-par 273, one shot ahead of Tom Kite, to win a $350,000 PGA event in Grand Blanc, Mich.

JoANNE CARNER won a $150,000 LPGA tournament in Shaker Heights, Ohio by shooting a four-under-par 284, five strokes better than Ayako Okamoto. The victory, her 35th on the tour, makes Carner eligible to become the 10th inductee of the LPGA Hall of Fame.

JULI INKSTER won her third consecutive U.S. Women's Amateur Championship, beating Cathy Hanlon 4 and 3 in Colorado Springs (*page 56*).

HARNESS RACING—TRENTON, driven by Tom Haughton, broke Genghis Khan's 2-week-old world race record in the mile pace by one-fifth of a second, clocking a 1:51⅗ in winning the first heat of the Review Futurity at the Illinois State Fairgrounds.

HORSE RACING—RUNAWAY GROOM ($27.80), ridden by Jeff Fell, covered the mile and a quarter in 2:02⅘ to beat Aloma's Ruler by three-quarters of a length and win the $221,500 Travers Stakes at Saratoga (*page 18*).

HIGHLASTERJET ($6.60), W.R. Hunt up, beat Rule the Deck by a length to win the $966,120 All-American Gold Cup for 4-year-old quarterhorses at Ruidoso Downs, N.M. The gelding covered the 440 yards in 21.56.

MOTOR SPORTS—BOBBY ALLISON, driving a Buick, took over the lead in the NASCAR Grand National points race with a ½-length victory over Richard Petty, in a Pontiac, in a 400-mile event in Brooklyn, Mich. Allison averaged 136.454 mph on the two-mile Michigan International Speedway.

SOCCER—For 9,731 Canadian fans, it was like watching U.S. TV: not much drama, but plenty of action. Going into the season finale against Tampa Bay, the Toronto Blizzard trailed Tulsa by nine points in the race to avoid the eighth of eight playoff berths—and the modified rapture of meeting Eastern Division and league point champion New York in the first round of postseason play. Under the NASL's not uncomplicated scoring system, Toronto needed nine points, the maximum possible, to bump the Roughnecks from the seventh spot. But the Blizzard, not satisfied with mere points, produced a flurry of nine *goals*, the most scored in a game by any NASL team all season, to the Rowdies' paltry pair. Neill Roberts, a former Rowdy, and Ace Ntsoelengoe, who played up to at least one of his names, each scored three goals and two assists. So the Roughnecks will put *their* good name on the block at New York, where the Cosmos went 15–1 this season, while the Blizzard piles into Seattle, which muscled into first in the Western Division and second in the league point standings on the strength of a 1–0 defeat of Portland. Fort Lauderdale, which clinched the South in a 2–1 victory over the shorthanded, aptly named Rowdies (Defender Rehk Kozic was ejected), meets No. 6 qualifier Montreal 3–1 winners over listless New York. The fourth playoff match unites San Diego and Vancouver, Pacific Coasters but potential champions all the same.

SWIMMING—At the U.S. long course nationals in Indianapolis, STEVE LUNDQUIST broke his own 33-day-old world record in the 100-meter breaststroke by .09 of a second with a 1:02.53. American records fell to TONY CORBISIERO, whose 7:58.50 in the 800 free lowered Brian Goodell's 1980 mark by 1.16, and SUE WALSH, who lowered Linda Jezek's 1978 mark of 1:02.55 in the women's 100 backstroke by .07.

TENNIS—IVAN LENDL defeated Steve Denton 6–2, 7–6 to win the $300,000 ATP championship in Mason, Ohio.

MARTINA NAVRATILOVA won the $200,000 Canadian Open in Montreal with a 6–3, 7–5 defeat of Andrea Jaeger.

Unseeded JAY LAPIDUS won the first Grand Prix tournament of his career, beating Eric Fromm in the finals of the $75,000 event in Stowe, Vt.

TIM PAWSAT of Santa Ana, Calif. defeated Stevenson Clarke 6–4, 6–1 to win the U.S. National Amateur in Kiamesha Lake, N.Y. Fourteen-year-old MARIANNE WERDEL of Bakersfield, Calif. won the women's crown, beating Cheryl Jones 6–4, 6–2.

MILEPOSTS—ARRESTED: On charges of cocaine trafficking, possession, selling and delivery, EUGENE (Mercury) MORRIS, 35, former Miami Dolphin and San Diego Charger running back, after allegedly selling more than a pound of cocaine to undercover Miami policemen.

AWARDED: By a jury in a U.S. District Court in Detroit, to former Detroit Red Wing DENNIS POLONICH, 28, $850,000 in damages sought in a lawsuit charging former Colorado Rockies Forward Wilf Paiement with excessive force in a scuffle during a 1978 NHL game.

NAMED: As basketball coach at Temple, JOHN CHANEY, 50, whose 10-year record at nearby Cheyney (Pa.) State was 228–59.

TRADED: By the Detroit Tigers, Infielder RICHIE HEBNER, 34, to the Pittsburgh Pirates for a player to be named later, by the Montreal Expos, Pitcher TOM GORMAN, 24, to the New York Mets to complete a deal for Outfielder Joel Youngblood, 30.

By the Pittsburgh Steelers, Safety J.T. THOMAS, 31, to the Denver Broncos for an undisclosed draft choice, by the Cincinnati Bengals, Wide Receiver DON BASS, 26, to the New Orleans Saints for an unspecified 1983 draft choice, by the Minnesota Vikings, former All-Pro Tackle RON YARY, 36, to the Los Angeles Rams for an undisclosed 1983 draft pick, by the Cleveland Browns, Offensive Lineman GERRY SULLIVAN, 30, to the Chicago Bears for unspecified future draft choices.

By the Philadelphia Flyers, Center KEN LINSEMAN, 24, Left Wing GREG ADAMS, 22, and a first-round draft pick in 1983 to the Hartford Whalers for Defenseman MARK HOWE, 27, immediately after obtaining Linseman, the Whalers sent him to the Edmonton Oilers for Defenseman RISTO SILATNEN, 23, and Left Wing BRENT LONEY, 18.

DIED: BRUNO NOCKLER, 28, Italian giant slalom specialist who took fifth at the 1982 World Alpine Championships, and a trainer and coach of the Italian national ski team, in a two-vehicle collision near New Zealand's Mt. Ruapehu ski area.

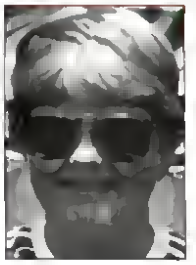
JACK (Cactus Jack) CURTICE, 75, football coach who emphasized passing at Utah (1950-57), Stanford (1958-62) and U.C. Santa Barbara (1963-69), of an apparent heart attack, in Santa Barbara, Calif. Curtice began his coaching career at West Texas State in 1940.

HERBERT ORIN (Fritz) CRISLER, 83, football coach (1938-47) and athletic director (1941-68) at Michigan credited with introducing, in a 1945 game against Army, separate offensive and defensive platoons and, as two-time chairman and member-for-life of the NCAA Football Rules Committee, wider goalposts and the two-point conversion, in Ann Arbor, Mich. Crisler coached at Minnesota and had two undefeated seasons at Princeton before taking the Michigan job. In ten years under him, the Wolverines had a 71–16–3 record and on Jan. 1, 1948 won the national championship, capping a 14-game winning streak with a 49–0 defeat of USC in the Rose Bowl. After the game an aging Michigan alumnus, unaware of Crisler's identity, reportedly told him, "We've got to get rid of the coach. We played out here in 1902 and the score was 49–0. We haven't improved a bit." Crisler never did coach another game, although he cited as the reason for his departure the legalization of recruiting. Coaching became, he said, a matter of "brokers and agents getting[parents to sell their most precious things."

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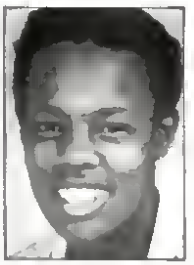
2—Roy Hobson. **9**—Illustration by Sam Q. Weisman. **12**—Heinz Kluetmeier (inset). **22,23**—Ronald C. Modra (5). Peter Read Miller (inset, top right). **26**—Heinz Kluetmeier (top). Peter Read Miller. **29**—Ronald C. Modra. **44**—James Drake. **46**—Tony Tomsic. **52**—Andy Hayt. **56**—Lane Stewart. **56**—Steve Goldstein. **87**—John Kelly. **73**—Michael Chritton.

FACES IN THE CROWD



RUSSELL EOZAROS
TEXARKANA, ARK.

Russell, 14, scored 393 of a possible 400 points in four air-gun shooting positions including a record 100 in the sitting position, and defeated more than 300 competitors to win the International BB Gun Championships in Clarksville, Tenn.



THERESA MOORE
EAST PROVIDENCE, R.I.

Theresa, a 1982 graduate of East Providence Senior High, successfully defended three individual titles despite a steady downpour at the state girls' track championships: the 100 (12.6) and 200 meters (27.0) and the long jump (17′ 6″).



RICHARD ARKLEY
SEATTLE

Arkley, 40, led the Osborn and Ulland team to its third straight veterans' triumph and third place overall in the 75-mile Ski to Sea relay, which begins on Mt. Baker and, after skiing, running, biking, kayaking and sailing legs, ends on Bellingham Bay.



STEVEN MUNATONES
WHITTIER, CALIF.

Munatones, 20, a junior-to-be at Harvard, won the quadrennial International Long Distance Swimming Championship on Lake Windermere in England. He swam the 25-km course in 6:11.45, breaking the men's record by 13.15.



BARBARA LEVONAITIS
MIDDLESEX, N.J.

Barbara, 12, the first girl to play in the Middlesex Little League, pitched the Cubs to the league championship with an 11–0 record and 127 strikeouts, both league records. She won three state tournament games before losing 5–2 to North Hunterdon.



LEONARD NITZ
NEW YORK CITY

Nitz, 25, won two of five cycling gold medals at the National Sports Festival in Indianapolis. At the national championships the following week in Kenosha, Wis., he won three of five events—the kilometer time trial and the individual and team pursuit.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

PAYTON'S PERSEVERANCE

Sir:

Paul Zimmerman's article (*He Can Run, but He Can't Hide*, Aug. 16) on Walter Payton was a well deserved tribute to one of the NFL's most talented and exciting players. It's a shame other professional athletes aren't as team-oriented as Payton has been throughout his career with Chicago. Regardless of their record, the Bears have a winner in Payton.

JOHN FAHERTY
River Forest, Ill.

Sir:

Last year Walter Payton had his worst season as a pro, yet he gained 1,222 yards rushing. He takes a beating every game. If the Bears had an all-around team, with blocking and passing as well as running, I think Payton would rush for more than 2,000 yards.

Payton has always given credit to everyone else, and to his blockers especially, but I've seen him rush for first downs when his linemen completely missed their blocks. Payton uses what's there better than any back ever has, and he should take full credit.

BRENT HUNTINGTON
Tempe, Ariz.

Sir:

Paul Zimmerman's account of Walter Payton's grueling conditioning program just proves what the combination of talent and hard work can produce. In the case of "Sweetness," it has produced one of the greatest players ever. Now if only the Bears could find more players like him . . .

RON KROICHICK
San Diego

Sir:

It's wonderful to see so much spirit and determination in a player as great as Payton.

DAVE LEIN
Kaleva, Mich.

WALTON'S FOOT

Sir:

It has been my custom for 25 years not to allow my name to be used in media stories of patients I have treated. However, your article on Bill Walton (*Will You Come Home, Bill Walton?* Aug. 9) contains enough inaccuracies that I must answer.

The diagnosis of the condition bothering Walton was made by me on the first consultation, in 1980. Bill did not wish surgery done at that time. Attempts to return to full activity finally convinced him that something should be done. I designed the surgery and performed it with Dr. Tony Daly. I am a board-certified orthopedic surgeon, not a podiatrist as you said.

The foot condition Walton suffers from was first recognized by me in other patients about eight years ago. It is a combination of a congenital defect—a partial calcaneonavicular coalition—and a resulting incomplete motion laterally of the heel bone. This is just the reverse of the condition usually seen, *i.e.*, a flat foot. Removal of the coalition alone does not relieve the problem. It is necessary to take out abutting bone from the lateral side of the foot just underneath the ankle (sinus tarsi). I have named the latter condition Sinus Tarsi Abutment Syndrome. The corrective surgery has now been performed in more than 20 cases, with the patients ranging in age from nine to 55 years. Among them are professional athletes, college athletes, weekend athletes and patients with other injuries. Most are back to pre-injury activity. A report is now being written for the medical literature.

F. WILLIAM WAGNER JR., M.D.
Clinical Professor, Orthopedic Surgery
USC School of Medicine
Whittier, Calif.

CBS vs. ABC

Sir:

William Taaffe is absolutely right (TV/RADIO, Aug. 16). There is nobody I know who would choose to watch a lot of shots in a golf tournament rather than a Jack Nicklaus-Tom Watson showdown. CBS golf coverage lacks the interest and excitement that ABC creates for its viewers.

GARY LENTZKOW
Cedar Falls, Iowa

Sir:

Can William Taaffe seriously believe that ABC does a better job with its golf coverage than CBS does? Only by focusing on the tournament as a whole can television capture for its viewers the full flavor of a golf tournament. While I love to watch Jack Nicklaus on a roll, I am also interested in what is happening to the other 10 or so contenders who may be within five shots of the lead. CBS provides this kind of coverage much better than ABC.

SCOTT R. REIF
Cambria, Wis.

THE INSPECTOR

Sir:

My thanks to E.M. Swift for his excellent article on Relief Pitcher Bill Caudill of the Seattle Mariners (*Need Help? Call the Inspector*, Aug. 16). Being a metropolitan New York resident who is constantly confronted by stories about the desecration of America's game, Steinbrenner style, I am thrilled to read how Caudill has been able to excite a team and a city. He *is* a long-awaited bit of relief for baseball. Inspector, I take my cap off to you.

HUGH R. ROVIT
Scarsdale, N.Y.

Sir:

I wish to inform you that the Mariners' Bill Caudill and Larry Andersen didn't "invent" Rally Caps. Rally hats—baseball caps turned inside out for good luck—were first used by the Worthington (Ohio) American Legion baseball team on July 21, 1981. Worthington was trailing Westland by five runs in the district championship game. With the aid of their rally hats, Worthington scored seven times in the last two innings to win by two.

DAVID C. MUMAW
Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

Herm Weiskopf's summary of the week's major league baseball activity (BASEBALL'S WEEK, Aug. 16) aroused my curiosity when I read that Doug Flynn and Joel Youngblood were traded from the Reds to the Mets in separate deals on the same day five years ago. So I donned my houndstooth-check hat and, puffing intently on a calabash pipe, set forth on an extensive investigation.

Flynn and Youngblood were traded to the Mets on June 15, 1977, but from *different* teams. Flynn was dealt with three other Reds players for pitcher Tom Seaver while Youngblood came over from the Cardinals for Shortstop Mike Phillips. Youngblood had been traded to the Cardinals from the Reds on March 28, 1977.

And whom, you may ask, did the Reds receive from the Cardinals in exchange for Youngblood? Elementary, my dear Weiskopf. It was that famous Seattle snoop and relief pitcher, Inspector Bill Caudill, who was featured in that same issue.

MARTY LYONS
Rome, N.Y.

THE CENTER

Sir:

Your article on the Atlanta Braves (*Not Home Free Yet*, Aug. 9) contained a sidebar on the effect of Atlanta Braves baseball in the Midwest in which you noted that Early, Iowa claims "probably erroneously" to be the geographical center of the contiguous 48 states. I hate to steal the thunder from the folks in Early, but the true geographical center is located in Kansas, about 20 miles west of here. The marker can be found on the outskirts of Lebanon, Kans. (pop. 517).

WILLIAM Q. MARTIN
Mankato, Kans.

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